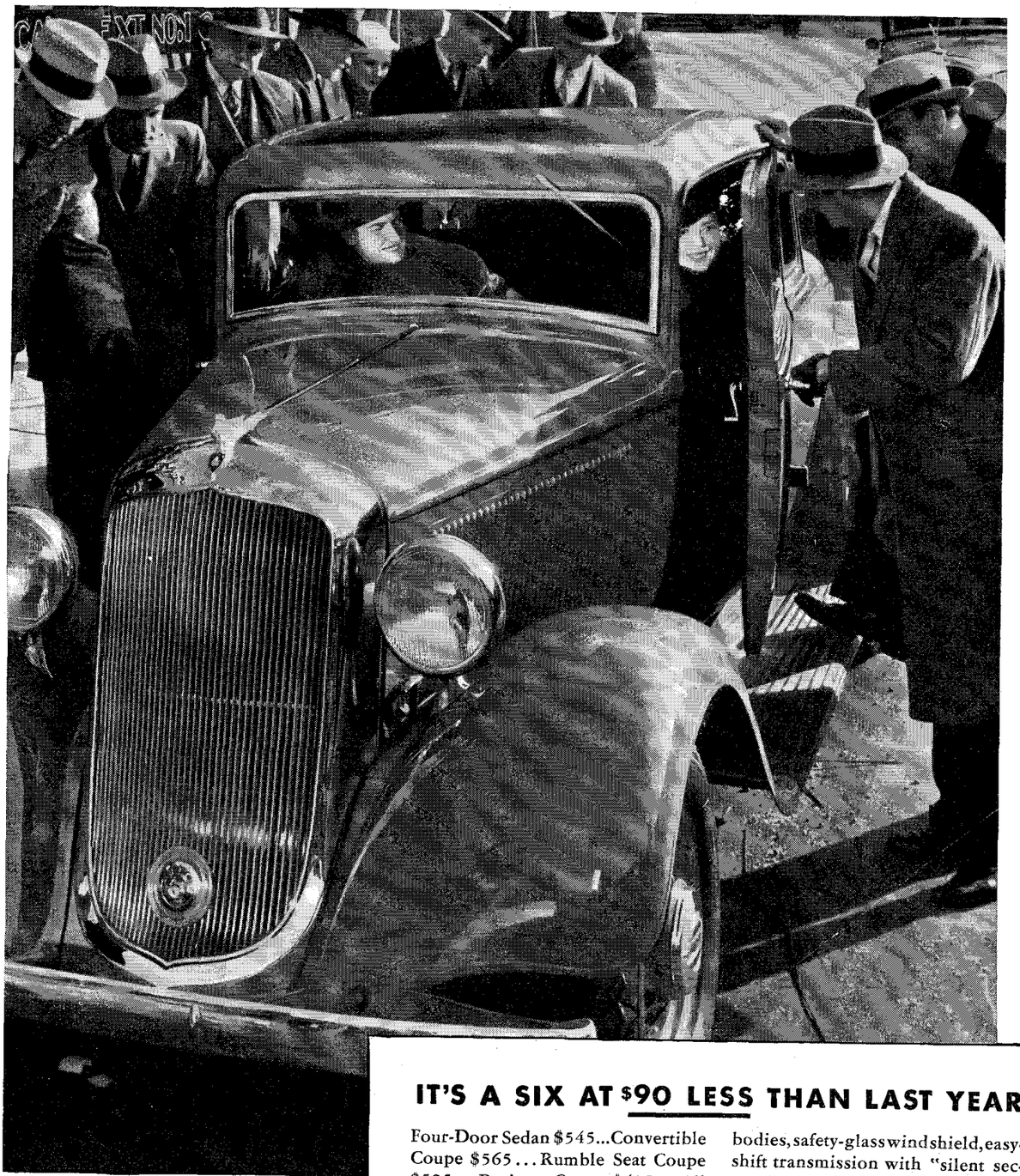
and may the Best car Win!



this clear: *we welcome critical buying!* Look at All Three . . . *ride* in All Three. Get down "under the paint" and behind the upholstery. And may the best car win!

IT'S A SIX AT $90 LESS THAN LAST YEAR

Four-Door Sedan $545...Convertible Coupe $565... Rumble Seat Coupe $525... Business Coupe $495... All prices F.O.B. factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments. *On all models*—Floating Power Engine Mountings, hydraulic brakes, free wheeling, full-sized safety-steel bodies, safety-glass windshield, easy-shift transmission with "silent second," rigid-X double-drop frame, Oilite squeak-proof springs. Closed cars wired for Philco-Transitone Radio. Optional—Automatic Clutch $8...Duplate Safety Plate Glass Windows—Coupe $10, Sedan $16.50.

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Periodical 171
LIMA COLLEGE

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for JANUARY 7, 1933

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Each of the officers of the Universal Sanitary Manufacturing Company, New Castle, Pa., has adopted an Investors Syndicate *Thrift Plan*, and is recommending to the employees this method of laying aside money.

(An actual photograph of five of our clients)

BOUND AUG 19 1933

"I'm Proud of You Men"

Said the President

HERE ARE five successful business men sitting with their president in a meeting. Just as they plan the future of their company, they look forward to their own futures. Listen . . .

W. Keith McAfee, their president, is speaking:

"I am mighty proud of you men . . . as officers . . . and as individuals. It gives an executive confidence to know that every one in his organization is following a systematic Thrift Plan.

"Statistics show that out of every 100 men at age twenty-five, 54 are dependent at age sixty-five . . . more than half are dependent . . . dependent on their relatives or on charity. Unless a person sets a specific amount to be accumulated by a certain age, and makes himself carry through this program by paying on it monthly just like his grocery bill, the chances are he will never attain independence. I am proud that each of you has adopted an Investors Syndicate Thrift Plan."

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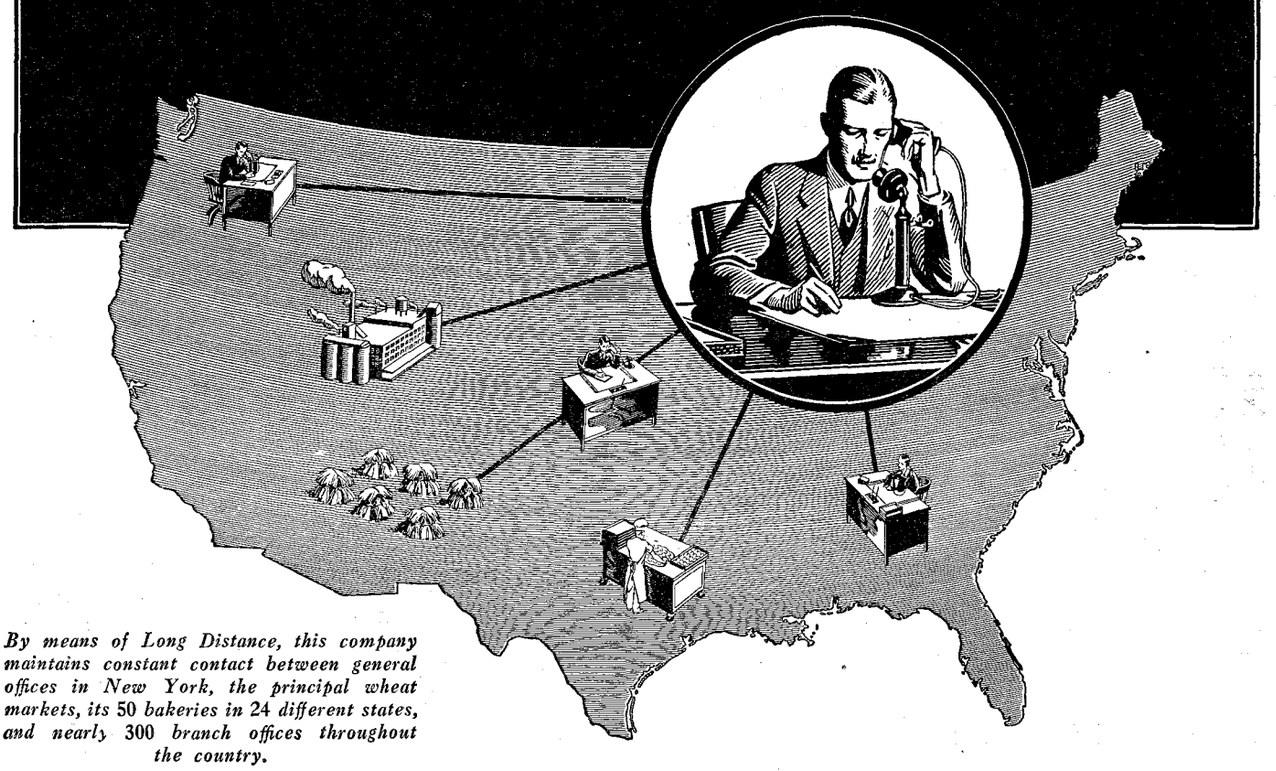
"Long Distance is essential to intelligent buying"

says NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



By means of Long Distance, this company maintains constant contact between general offices in New York, the principal wheat markets, its 50 *bakeries in* 24 *different states, and nearly* 300 *branch offices throughout the country.*

THE National Biscuit Company, "Uneeda Bakers," today distributes its many products through nearly half a million retail outlets. During recent years the telephone has played an increasingly important part in this development. Largely by means of its consistent use it is possible to maintain in all sections of the country the same uniform standard of quality. From purchasing, right through all departments, wherever quick action is essential, the telephone is held indispensable.

Today more than ever, organizations large and small realize the adaptability and economy of Long Distance telephone service. It is the instrument of modern business. It promotes every phase of activity from the purchase of raw material to the delivery of finished products into the hands of consumers. The well-planned use of Long Distance is today bringing "more business at less cost" to organizations of many kinds.

A representative of your local Bell Company will be glad to outline a telephone plan especially suited to the activities of your company.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Typical Station-to-Station Rates

From	*To*	*Daytime*	7:00 P.M.	8:30 P.M.
Chicago	Grand Rapids	$ .75	$ .65	$ .45
New York	Pittsburgh	1.50	1.25	.85
Atlanta	St. Louis	1.95	1.65	1.10
Denver	Seattle	3.75	3.00	2.00
Boston	San Francisco	9.50	7.50	5.75

Where the charge is 50c *or more, federal tax applies*

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY

The "Buy American" Movement

TWO YOUNG GIRLS were doing their Christmas shopping in Grand Rapids.

They had looked over the goods in one store, and seemed to be about to leave, when the clerk stept up and said:

"Won't you look at the things on this counter, they are all very fine imported articles?"

The girls stopt, and one of them asked, "Did you say 'imported'?"

To the clerk's quick answer "Yes," came the response, given with evident relish:

"We buy only American. Come on, sister!"

Perhaps it was bad manners, says the Grand Rapids *Herald*, which tells the story, "but the psychology back of it is healthy."

But right here we run into a decided difference of opinion, for a number of editors insist that it is really the most unhealthy kind of psychology possible.

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The Purse of a Patriot

—Enright in the New York "American."

HEALTHY or unhealthy, this sentiment is being organized effectively in various parts of the country.

For instance, there is a "Buy-Uncle Sam's, Inc." in the District of Columbia. This particular movement, we read in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington, is simply preaching a "gospel of enlightened self-interest" and "does not invite membership into a society or organization, but proposes to work under a publicity committee made up of representatives from all the afflicted industries of the nation."

Then at Albany has been chartered the Citizens' Association for America First, Inc., which has its headquarters in New York City. The objective, according to one officer, "is to establish a national unity in the manufacture and purchase of American goods."

According to the Hearst newspapers, there is strong support for the "Buy American" movement in Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

Senator McKellar of Tennessee says it is "an excellent idea," and Representative Hawley (Rep., Ore.), of Hawley-Smoot tariff fame, declares it "is based on sound reasoning."

A detailed argument for buying "American" was made by Samuel Blythe in *The Saturday Evening Post* a few weeks ago. Mr. Blythe was in Washington when the Commissioner of Customs was holding hearings on the effects of foreign-currency depreciation. So he happened to see piled up for exhibition in the Senate office building a large array of goods, "from rubber boots and shoes to celluloid combs and dolls, from rugs to pocket-knives, from gloves to rubber beach-balls." And the point is that "all these articles were made in a foreign country, and the cost of producing them, paying freight on them, paying duty on them, and introducing them into this country to compete with American-made merchandise, ranges far below the actual cost of producing these articles in this country."

The reason the Japanese competition is so dangerous just now is that—

"The average wage of the Japanese male worker, before the country went off the gold standard, was two yen, or one dollar a day. Now it is forty-six cents a day. The average wage of the female worker was one yen, or fifty cents. Now it is about twenty-four cents a day. This wage situation exists in every production. The decline in the china-porcelain industry, for example, is one-third. However, Japanese workers have work. No flood of cheap American goods has thrown them out of jobs."

And even more important, we are told, is the way domestic producers are being undersold by cheap steel from Belgium, England, Germany, and France; by wood pulp from Sweden, Norway, and Russia; by boots and shoes from Czecho-Slovakia; by canned fish from Japan.

WHILE we await the slow operations of the Tariff Commission, "a measure of relief is in the hands of Americans themselves," declares Mr. Blythe:

"They can demand American-made goods. There are plenty of them, most of which are of far higher grade than this stuff shoved in here from the cheap-waged countries of the world, from the countries where money is debased, and labor is paid wages that no American could live on.

"Are you an American? Then buy American!"

William Randolph Hearst writes from his San Simeon ranch-house palace (said to be full of magnificent costly imported furniture, fireplaces, staircases, and building materials) to tell his editors to campaign for "patriotic policies," beginning with:

"I buy American and spend American. See America first. Keep American money in America, and provide employment for American citizens."

And for three days in succession the New York *American* proclaims the "Buy American" crusade in huge editorials filling a third of a page. A typical sentence runs like this:

"Americans Must Buy American Goods—the products of American labor and American capital—to the Exclusion of any other goods, of any other products, of any other services, of any other labor—whatever part of the world they proceed from and at whatever price they are offered."

And here and there all over the country we find similar sentiments strongly exprest, as for instance in the Tulsa *Worl* Wichita *Beacon*, Springfield *Union*, and the weekly Buffalo *Tru*

But likewise from all over the country come sharp objecti

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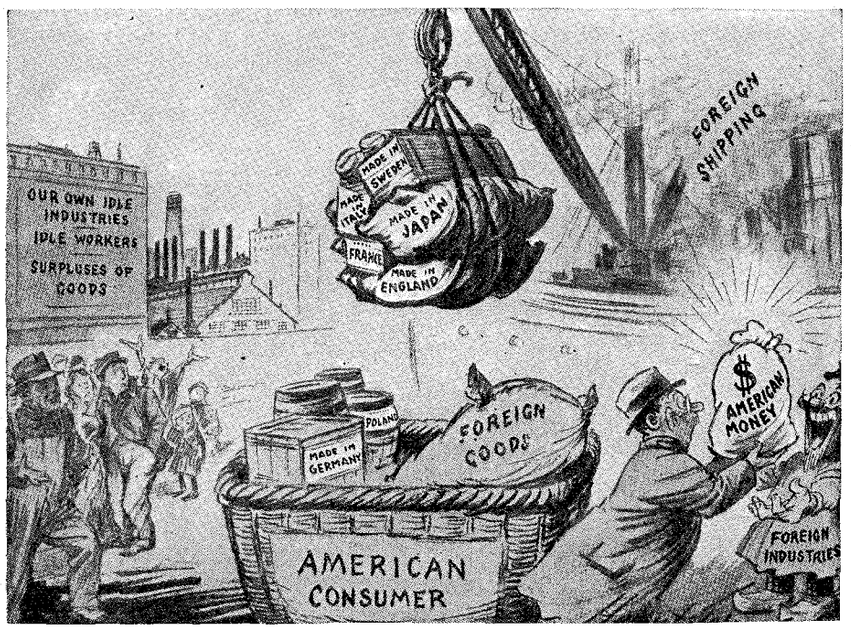
to this "Buy-American" campaign. As the Los Angeles *Times* sees it:

"The difficulty with the 'Buy-American' program as a continuing remedy is that it is impossible to persuade buyers as a whole, and in a time of sharply competitive price-cutting, to forego foreign bargains if they are available. Such a policy, moreover, is bound, in the long run, to react disadvantageously to our own trade abroad."

THIS is the question the New York *Journal of Commerce* would like to ask the "Buy-American" campaigners:

"How many American workers will be deprived of dollars to spend if we cut our foreign purchases and destroy the market outlets which provide the resources out of which foreigners pay us for what we have to sell them?

"If we are to 'Think American and Buy American,' as our self-styled patriots urge us to do, then we can not 'Sell Foreign' and we ought to begin at once to scrap the idle machinery that once worked to produce goods to sell in Europe and Asia."



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Buy—American!

—Johnson in "The Saturday Evening Post."

Almost the same question comes from the Detroit *News* in our automobile capital:

"In taking such a course are we not saying good-night to prospects of broadened outlets for our wheat, cotton, meats, and many manufactures, including automobiles and trucks?"

And the South, normally dependent on foreign markets for buyers for more than half of its cotton and nearly half of its tobacco, cries out against this "Buy-American" crusade on the editorial pages of papers in Kentucky, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Texas.

PERHAPS the most complete reply to the "Buy-American" arguments comes from *The Texas Weekly*, published in Dallas. Editor Peter Molyneaux flatly contradicts Mr. Blythe's *Saturday Evening Post* assertions. He quotes Government figures showing that instead of America being "flooded with importations" (a *Saturday Evening Post* phrase), imports last September—the latest period available to Mr. Blythe—were the smallest for any September since the World War. And the same is approximately true for previous months, so "as a matter of fact imports have been declining steadily for the past three years, and declining a good deal more rapidly than prices." Of the Blythe article and a *Post* editorial backing it up, Mr. Molyneaux says:

"For the American people to accept the advice of *The Post* in good faith and begin a systematic boycott of foreign goods, thus reducing still further the declining purchasing power of foreigners in this country, and reducing in much greater ratio the purchasing power of all those Americans who produce for export, would have precisely the opposite effect from that which *The Post* affects to be seeking. It would only serve to intensify the already intense and narrow nationalism among the nations of the world which is throttling world trade, and which has been the chief cause of the unprecedented collapse of prices of all commodities affected by the world market. It would be the one thing needed to prolong the depression indefinitely, to increase unemployment and make it chronic, and to bring this country, along with the rest of the world, to the verge of bankruptcy.

"The advice given by *The Post* is bad advice. It is bad economically, and, more than that, it is bad spiritually. But worst of all is the circumstance that it is presented in the guise of patriotism.

"God save America from that kind of patriotism."

The Rail Bet on Better Times

"BOTH SIDES WIN, but in truth the whole public is the greatest winner."

Thus, the Boston *Herald* expresses the common view of the new rail wage agreement.

"Eminently sound," is this compromise between the roads and their workers, agrees the Minneapolis *Journal*, and the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* declares it "should have a beneficial effect of national importance."

In times like the present we can not afford to have labor troubles, say many papers, giving thanks that the negotiations, which for a time threatened to develop into a deadlock, have been carried to a successful, if temporary, conclusion.

Another cheerful note is that some editors here find evidence of a faith that prosperity actually is coming back to us.

AFFECTING 1,000,000 men of twenty-one rail unions, the agreement was signed in the Palmer House in Chicago on December 21, after ten days of negotiations. It extends the Willard agreement, providing for a 10-per-cent. pay cut, for nine months, with automatic restoration of basic pay rates at the end of that time.

Thus we have a truce, a sort of breathing spell, many papers remark. "In effect, the dickerers agree to bet on better times in 1933," says the Newark *Evening News:* "The railroad industry registers its belief that things are not going to get worse, and in all probability will get better."

But *The Wall Street Journal* looks for further reductions:

"Sooner or later the rail-labor organizations will have to face the question whether wage-levels in a few industries disproportionately higher than in others are not a formidable obstacle to the free exchange of all commodities and services which alone makes prosperity and high real wages possible.

"Indeed, they ought long since to have considered more earnestly than they appear to have done whether a maintained high-wage level and resulting high operating costs are not to-day responsible for much of the railroads' loss of traffic which has cost 500,000 railroad workers their jobs during the past two years.

"Can they much longer close their eyes to the fact that rail-union policy, as now practised, is driving a wedge into the ranks of railroad labor, between those who still manage to retain full-time employment and those who have either very little or none at all?"

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How 40,000,000 Really Voted

A NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES was elected this week.

And it is an odd coincidence that we have to wait almost until the Electors are ready to do their formal balloting on the first Wednesday of January before we know the official figures of the November 8 election, in which these Electors, pledged respectively to Roosevelt and Hoover, were chosen.

The figure now given is 39,734,351 for the total vote in November. It means that Mr. Roosevelt has the largest popular vote ever given a winner. But it means, too, that President Hoover now succeeds Alfred E. Smith as the record vote-getting loser.

One thing that interests us, of course, is the closeness with which the official returns parallel THE LITERARY DIGEST'S straw vote. It is worth looking at.

THE DIGEST'S balloting gave Mr. Roosevelt 1,715,789 votes, or 59.86 per cent. of the votes cast for the two major party candidates. It gave Mr. Hoover 1,150,398 votes or 40.14 per cent. of the total.

Now see how closely this proportion holds in the official vote just made public. We take the votes for the two major candidates alone for purposes of comparison. Mr. Roosevelt receives 22,813,786 or 59.14 per cent. Mr. Hoover holds 15,759,266 votes, or 40.86 per cent.

Just to make it more clear we will take the Roosevelt percentages—59.86 per cent. in the DIGEST poll; 59.14 per cent. in the actual election. The difference between the two percentages comes to only 0.72, which is all that the DIGEST straw vote lacked of predicting Mr. Roosevelt's share of the popular vote of the whole country.

When it comes to the various States, we remember that THE DIGEST predicted accurately how each State would go with the exception of two that went for Hoover in the straw vote and for Roosevelt in the election, and two others that went for Roosevelt in the straw vote and Hoover in the election.

In the case of the official popular vote in the several States, naturally THE DIGEST'S balloting paralleled the final figures more closely in some States than in others. As a matter of curiosity we note from the official figures that the DIGEST vote was practically one hundred per cent. correct in Missouri—which is a big State. Our vote gave Mr. Roosevelt 64.46 per cent. of the total. Well, on election day he actually received 64.48 per cent. Less than one percentage point off were also Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

To turn from our own especial interest, we find the Troy *Record* summing up as follows: the chief facts to be adduced from the official returns for the November election:

"Roosevelt received a larger plurality in 1932 than Hoover had in 1928, but the plurality was smaller than those secured by Harding and Coolidge.

"Hoover gained the largest vote ever given to a defeated candidate.

"Thomas failed to attain the highest total in the history of the Socialist party, being approximately 40,000 under the top vote given Eugene V. Debs in 1920.

"Prohibition has come back, with a 77,000 vote given the candidate of the party, four times the number in 1928.

"Roosevelt won the largest electoral vote in the history of the republic—altho this is due more to the increased electoral total than to the proportion of the total."

The Socialist vote is the one which was most inaccurately reported in the preliminary unofficial figures, and the official figures increase Mr. Thomas's vote considerably. As the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* notes,

"Norman Thomas, who had been widely commiserated for getting only 600,000 to 700,000, winds up with the fairly c[re]able total of 881,951, more than triple his figure of four ago and within striking distance of the 919,799 polled i[n] by Eugene V. Debs."

Complete Official Vote for President

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The complete official vote in the Presidential election of November 8, with the total vote of each State as certified by Secretaries of State and compiled by The Associated Press, follows:

State	Roosevelt Democrat	Hoover Republican	Pluralities Roosevelt	Pluralities *Hoover	Minor Parties Thomas Soc.	Foster Comm.	Upshaw Proh.	Harvey Lib.	Reynolds Soc.-L.	State
Alabama	207,910	34,675	173,235		2,030	496	13	....	....	Alabama
Arizona	79,264	36,104	43,160		2,618	256	....	....	....	Arizona
Arkansas	189,602	28,467	161,135		1,269	175	....	1,049	....	Arkansas
California	1,324,157	847,902	476,255		63,299	1,023	20,637	9,827	....	California
Colorado	250,877	189,617	61,260		13,591	787	1,928	....	427	Colorado
Connecticut	281,193	287,720		*6,527	20,461	1,359	....	....	2,283	Connecticut
Delaware	54,319	57,073		*2,754	1,376	133	....	....	....	Delaware
Florida	206,307	69,170	137,137		879	4	37	57	....	Florida
Georgia	234,118	19,863	214,255		461	23	1,125	....	....	Georgia
Idaho	109,208	71,122	38,086		516	481	....	4,685	....	Idaho
Illinois	1,882,304	1,432,756	449,548		67,258	15,582	5,938	....	3,638	Illinois
Indiana	862,054	677,184	184,870		21,388	2,187	10,399	....	2,070	Indiana
Iowa	598,019	414,433	183,586		20,467	559	2,111	....	....	Iowa
Kansas	424,204	349,498	74,706		18,276	....	....	....	....	Kansas
Kentucky	580,574	394,716	185,858		3,853	272	2,252	....	1,396	Kentucky
Louisiana	249,418	18,853	230,565		....	....	....	....	....	Louisiana
Maine	128,907	166,631		*37,724	2,489	162	....	....	255	Maine
Maryland	314,314	184,184	130,130		10,489	1,031	....	....	1,036	Maryland
Massachusetts	800,148	736,959	63,189		34,305	4,821	1,142	....	2,668	Massachusetts
Michigan	871,700	739,894	131,806		39,205	9,318	2,333	217	1,401	Michigan
Minnesota	600,806	363,959	236,847		25,476	6,101	....	....	770	Minnesota
Mississippi	140,168	5,170	134,998		675	....	....	....	....	Mississippi
Missouri	1,025,406	564,713	460,493		16,374	568	2,429	....	404	Missouri
Montana	127,286	78,078	49,208		7,891	1,775	...	1,440	....	Montana
Nebraska	359,082	201,177	157,905		9,876	....	....	....	....	Nebraska
Nevada	28,756	12,674	16,082		....	....	....	....	....	Nevada
New Hampshire	100,608	103,629		*3,021	947	264	....	....	....	New Hampshire
New Jersey	806,394	775,406	30,988		42,988	2,908	757	....	1,054	New Jersey
New Mexico	95,089	54,217	40,872		1,776	135	....	389	....	New Mexico
New York	2,534,959	1,937,963	596,996		177,397	27,956	....	10,339	....	New York
North Carolina	497,566	208,344	289,222		5,591	....	89	....	....	North Carolina
North Dakota	178,350	71,772	106,578		3,521	830	...	1,817	....	North Dakota
Ohio	1,301,695	1,227,679	74,016		64,094	7,231	7,421	....	1,968	Ohio
Oklahoma	516,468	188,165	328,303		....	....	....	....	....	Oklahoma
Oregon	213,871	136,019	77,852		15,450	1,681	....	....	1,730	Oregon
Pennsylvania	1,295,948	1,453,540		*157,592	91,119	5,658	7,319	....	659	Pennsylvania
Rhode Island	146,604	115,266	31,338		3,125	546	183	....	433	Rhode Island
South Carolina	102,347	1,978	100,369		82	....	....	....	....	South Carolina
South Dakota	183,515	99,212	84,303		1,551	364	463	3,333	....	South Dakota
Tennessee	259,817	126,806	133,011		1,786	234	1,995	....	....	Tennessee
Texas	753,304	96,682	656,622		4,408	199	....	324	....	Texas
Utah	116,750	84,775	31,975		4,087	947	....	....	....	Utah
Vermont	56,266	78,984		*22,718	1,533	195	....	....	....	Vermont
Virginia	203,980	89,637	114,343		2,382	86	1,343	....	....	Virginia
Washington	353,260	208,645	144,605		17,080	2,972	1,540	30,308	1,009	Washington
West Virginia	405,124	330,731	74,393		5,133	444	2,342	....	....	West Virginia
Wisconsin	707,410	347,741	359,669		53,379	3,112	2,672	....	494	Wisconsin
Wyoming	54,370	39,583	14,787		....	....	....	....	....	Wyoming
Totals	22,813,786	15,759,266			881,951	102.785	77,528	53,446	34,034	

Minor parties votes not included above:
For Coxey (Farmer-Labor)—Colorado, 469; Iowa, 1,094; Michigan, 137; Minnesota, 5,731; total, 7,431.
For Zahnd (National party)—Indiana, 1,615.
For Cox (Jobless party)—Pennsylvania, 725; Virginia, 15; total, 740.
For James Ford (Communist)—California, 994.
For Jacksonian party—Texas, 104.
For "Populist Tick"—South Carolina, 4.
Scattering—California, 127; Louisiana, 533; West Virginia, 7; total, 667.
None of the above candidates received any votes in Louisiana, Nevada, Oklahoma, and Wyoming.

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Insull Escapes Chicago's Clutch

"LONG LIVE GREEK JUSTICE!" shouts the crowd. And out of the Athens Court of Appeals, freed, walks the white-haired, debonair Samuel Insull, builder—and allegedly the wrecker—of the vastest utility empire ever controlled by one man.

Fêted and congratulated for escaping extradition to face larceny and embezzlement indictments in Chicago, Insull finds that the Greek climate agrees with him, and settles down for a long visit in one of the few places where Uncle Sam can't get hold of him.

"I Like Living Here"

And so Samuel Insull is planning a long sojourn in Athens, now that he has escaped extradition to Chicago to face criminal charges.

Surprized that Greece rejected the American petition for extradition, Washington is considering the possibility of renewing its application in case new indictments are brought against Insull.

At the extradition hearing, the Athens correspondent of the Associated Press tells us, Insull's lawyer pictured him as "a benefactor to humanity, and praised the course his client had followed when disaster overtook his interests."

TURNING to the nub of the case:

"The charges on which Insull is wanted in Chicago, the court was informed, are based on checks for $66,000 and $104,000, approved by Insull for payment to the brokers of Martin Insull, his brother. The prosecution contended that these sums, taken from the accounts of Insull companies, constituted embezzlement.

"In refusing extradition the court took consideration of evidence that the transfer of the money was a loan, the purpose of which was to save the price of stock in which the companies were greatly interested.

"The ruling held that Insull had no fraudulent intention, that he committed no offense, and that, therefore, the petition for extradition should be rejected, and the arrest warrant annulled."

IN far-away Chicago, the decision brought "a real sigh of relief in many important quarters," writes Owen L. Scott in a dispatch copyrighted by the Consolidated Press Association:

"It permitted bankers, whose loaning policies might have been brought more into the light, to breathe easier. And politicians were almost ready to cheer as the prospect faded that the man who dominated politics here for years, might start to talk.

"Something of a fatalistic attitude has been adopted by that sizable proportion of the Chicago public who had sunk hundreds of millions of dollars into the Insull enterprises, many of which now are defunct.

"The same attitude was exprest by Owen D. Young, prominent industrialist and Democrat, who said:

"'The most you can say about the old man is that he had too much confidence in his country and his own securities.'"

"Greek justice seems to have erred in this case" since "it has defied a treaty which was framed in all earnestness," says the Troy *Record*. "As for the fugitive, he has selected a romantic country where ancient ruins may remind him how he created some modern ruins in America."

Our Vanishing Million-a-Year Men

SWINGING A DEADLY SICKLE, Old Man Depression slashes the ranks of our million-a-year men.

Once there were 513 of them, stalwart figures in this incredible battalion of gold, whose incomes were a million dollars a year or more.

But that was in 1929, before the depression really got into action. In 1930 the number had been cut to 150. In 1931 only 75 were left. And 1932 will show further gaps in the shining ranks.

All this we learn from the Internal Revenue Bureau, which sits on the side lines as the battle rages and keeps tabs on the casualties as shown by the income-tax returns. Whether the missing Midases are struggling along on mere half-million incomes or have joined the bread lines is not stated.

"Hard times hit the mansion as well as the cottage," observes the Boston *Evening Transcript*. "This is not to say that the man whose million-dollar income has been cut in half is entitled to the same sympathy as the man who has been reduced to actual want. It does go to show that in a time of economic storm all are in the same boat."

A lively quarrel breaks out between those editors who assert that here is proof that the income tax as a reliable money-raiser is a failure, and those who insist that with a little tinkering the tax law can be made highly effective. But let us take a closer look at the tax figures as they are explained by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Altho the greatest shrinkage was in the high-income classes, the whole country was shown to have suffered similarly. The aggregate net income reported for individuals on the basis of 1931 incomes was $13,231,352,042, representing a decrease of more than 23 per cent., or $3,989,401,578, from the amount reported for incomes of the previous year, which in itself was no banner year.

"The average net income for 1931 for all returns was $4,245.83. The average net income in 1930 for all returns was $5,100.10. From the individuals reporting for 1931 the Government will realize a total of $241,282,875 in taxes, representing a decrease of $232,406,688, or more than 49 per cent. from 1930.

"Corporations fared even worse than individuals. The 1931 net incomes of corporations reporting amounted to $3,110,642,568, a decrease in net income from the previous year of $2,516,670,427, or more than 44 per cent. Their taxes for 1931 amounted to $331,119,732, representing a decrease of $278,126,699, or more than 46 per cent., from 1930."

THE figures issued by the bureau are based on income-tax returns filed up to August 31, 1932. But the income returns for 1932, which will be reported next March, "are expected to show an even sadder picture."

"The much greater decrease in corporate than in individual income," says the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, "emphasizes that getting business on its feet is the central problem." And—

"The figures also show clearly why government economy, local, State and national, is a prime necessity for recovery. The shrunken national income can no longer endure the luxuries and the extravagances of public expenditure that were once tolerable, even if unwise."

"These statistics ought to have a sobering effect on those persons who think the national budget can be balanced by 'soaking the rich,'" says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the Springfield *Union* adds that "a broadening of the base of taxation would guarantee larger returns and insure the participation of a greater number in the maintenance of their government."

But "the income tax is the fairest of all taxes," and the present schedules "are admirable," declares the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

"Permitted to operate freely, in conjunction with heavy gift and inheritance taxes, it is the remedy for all those ills of the Treasury which do not derive from administrative extravagance."

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Two Governors Battle for a Chain-Gang Fugitive

A FRAIL LITTLE MAN, once an obscure convict working out his time on a Georgia chain-gang, starts a violent row between two sovereign States and sets the whole nation talking.

Twice he escaped from the chain-gang, and now he has escaped the Georgia authorities again, thanks to the Governor of New Jersey, who refused to send him back.

More than 1,000 jammed the Assembly chamber in the State Capitol at Trenton to see what new twist fate had in store for Robert E. Burns. This was the extradition hearing. Here was the convict, the man who escaped, started a successful business career, was sent back, escaped again, and leapt to newspaper and movie prominence by writing a book, "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang."

Here also were his mother, weeping, fearful, and his brother, a clergyman, come to fight for him as "a fugitive from injustice," to save him from "vengeance and death."

But here, too, were the Georgia officials. They had traveled all the way to New Jersey to make formal application for the extradition of the man who had not only committed a hold-up in their State but had bitterly attacked their penal system in his book.

At the end of the hearing, after listening to pleas in which the emotional contrasted with the logical, Governor Moore refused Georgia's request. A wild scene followed, with the crowd cheering both the fugitive and the Governor.

Violent opinions uphold or attack the Governor's action. Scorching denunciations come from Georgia. And Georgia is excoriated for her chain-gang system. The battle echoes in the national House of Representatives, where Governor Moore is attacked and defended. Every paper in the country, it seems, has something to say about the Burns case. Two quotations will show how they disagree.

"The hearing which Governor Moore conducted was a farce," declares the Washington *Post*, pointing to "the plain mandate" in the Constitution, "to surrender fugitives from justice. It is not his responsibility to pass upon the Georgia penal system."

BUT "Governor Moore has disposed of the Burns case, it seems to us, with intelligence as well as with humanity," says the New York *Herald Tribune*.

For a better understanding of this divergence of opinion, it may be well to examine the Burns case more closely, as it was explained by reporters at the hearing. Burns was serving a six- to ten-year sentence for a $4.80 hold-up, notes the Philadelphia *Record*, which pictures the scene in the Assembly chamber—

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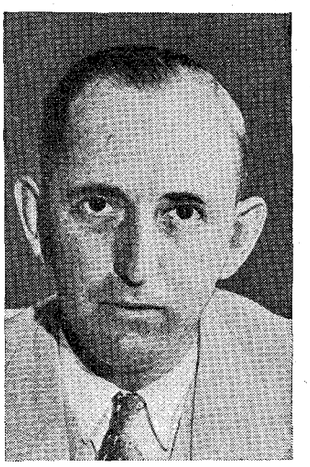
Winners in the Chain-Gang Battle

The fugitive, Robert E. Burns (right), shown with his mother and brother, the Rev. Vincent Burns.



Acme

"Wanton Insult!"

Exclaimed Governor Russell of Georgia when New Jersey's Executive refused to surrender the chain-gang fugitive.

Underwood

"Merry Christmas!"

Was the response of Governor Moore of New Jersey to the Georgia Executive's attack on him for refusing extradition.

"Burns, handcuffed to a deputy sheriff, sat beside his mother, listening intently while his lawyer, Charles Handler, told of his service in France—Burns enlisted two days after war was declared—of his broken health after leaving the service.

"Burns, he said, returned to find it difficult to obtain employment, and was 'shattered in health and disillusioned at heart' when he found himself, after wandering about the country, in Atlanta, where his crime was committed. Handler declared that, once sentenced to the chain-gang, Burns was placed in chains and double shackles.

"'While he was there he was sentenced to "three licks." He was placed face down on a corrugated board and then a guard with a broad leather strap proceeded to lash him. After the first blow he became unconscious, and for some unknown reason, they remitted the other two blows.'

"Handler said Burns 'escaped by slipping his chains with the aid of a fellow prisoner,' and went to Chicago, where he said Burns became a prominent citizen.

"Describing Burns's arrest in 1929 after his wife exposed him, Handler said Burns was promised a pardon by Vivian Stanley, member of the Georgia Prison Commission, if he would return within ninety days and pay expenses of extradition. He said the Chicago judge before whom habeas corpus proceedings were held confirmed this through an attorney.

"'Burns served more than twelve months and was a model convict.'

"He said that after the thirty-day period, in which the Commission should have handed down the parole, had elapsed, Burns, in desperation, escaped again.

"Burns, thinking of his associates in the camp, Handler continued, wrote of his experiences and sold the book for $400. He received $6,000 for the moving-picture rights, Handler said, giving $2,800 to relatives.

"Terming the Georgia prison system medieval, Handler said Burns was not physically able to return."

"If Burns were sent back," said William B. Cox, secretary of the National Society of Penal Information, "he would probably die, because if he were sent to one of the camps where they use abusive treatment, he would be subjected to it. The book written by Burns is substantially correct as to conditions."

Then came the Georgia representatives, headed by Assi Attorney-General John I. Kelley, to demand Burns's extra to denounce his book as a fraud and a slander on Georg

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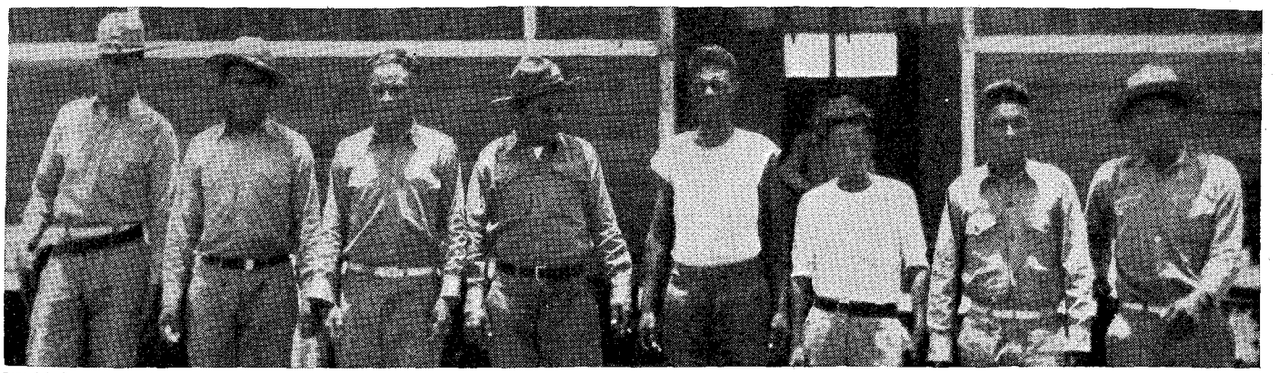

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Some of the Men Who Take Over the Difficult Job of Our Marines in Nicaragua

A squad of the native Guardia Nacional, trained by American Marines in the tactics of fighting bandits and insurgents.

to deny that he had been promised a pardon after his return to Georgia from Chicago. The sentence of six to ten years was not excessive, declared Mr. Kelley, as quoted by *The Record:*

"'Burns went to the Atlanta camp, and no one contends he was mistreated. The camps in Georgia are well kept and will compare favorably with any in the United States.'"

But in the end Governor Moore refused to agree that it was his duty under the Constitution to extradite Burns, and denied the application.

Governor Moore's action is "a deliberate and wanton insult," avers Governor Russell of Georgia. In a blazing statement he declares that "this decision makes it easy to understand how the most horrible crime of modern times, the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby, could occur and go unpunished in a State whose Governor has such ideas of law and the proprieties as manifested by the judgment in this case."

Declaring that Burns's writings "have been proven false and are a slander on the State of Georgia and its institutions," Governor Russell continues:

"Neither the Governor of New Jersey nor any one else has any right to wantonly and deliberately insult the State of Georgia and her people by declining to honor an extradition for a convict on the ground that our State is uncivilized and backward, inhumane to prisoners, and barbarous in her punishment. Neither has he any right to review the decisions of the courts of this State and declare that because a prisoner obtained a small amount in a hold-up, he should not be punished."

"The injustice to Georgia," asserts the Atlanta *Constitution*, "does not exist as much in the refusal of Governor Moore to honor the requisition for Burns as in the wide publicity given to the false and defamatory charges about conditions in this State."

"Georgia need not be ashamed of its penitentiary system," adds the Savannah *News*. "Many Northern and Western States have grave reasons to be ashamed of theirs."

Another paper which disagrees with Governor Moore is the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, which says:

"In effect, New Jersey, through its Governor, has told Georgia that its laws and its institutions are unsound; and to right what he considers a wrong, Governor Moore has committed another."

But most papers seem to agree with Governor Moore. In refusing to extradite Burns, says the New York *Daily News*, he "has done the human thing."

"Georgia is in no position to quote the Constitutional provision" on fugitives, thinks the Hartford *Times*. "There would be more sympathy for Georgia's plea if the brutality of the chain-gang system were not so widely known and despised."

Burns "has reformed and become a useful citizen," says the neighboring Memphis *Commercial Appeal*. "Why, then, is the law not satisfied? The measures of the law should surely not themselves offend against society."

Out of Nicaragua

On JANUARY 2 THE LAST BODY of American Marines in Nicaragua embarked for home.

Thus ended a twenty-year experiment in armed intervention—and there is still a wide divergence of opinion on the value of it.

"It has been an expensive business for all of us," complains the Camden *Courier-Post;* and the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* reminds us that 133 Marines have been killed in Nicaragua in the last six years. Stressing the cost to the American taxpayer, the New Haven *Journal-Courier* says:

"According to the estimates rendered in answer to a request from Congressman Cochran, the American investment as of January 1, 1932, in Nicaragua was $15,648,700; the cost of maintenance of Marines in that country since 1927, above the expense to maintain them here, has been $6,076,034. Thus, to safeguard American business investments, the United States Government has spent two-fifths of the total of those investments."

Other papers, however, point out that our Marines went into Nicaragua originally to protect American lives and American property during the chaotic days of Zelaya's rule, and that they stayed with the exprest approval of a large section of the Nicaraguan public. As a result, "the people have become accustomed to the advantages of internal peace," argues the New York *Herald Tribune*, which believes that the Nicaraguans "must feel a real gratitude to the Marines for their impartial management of the last two Presidential elections, and for the wholehearted aid which they gave on the occasion of the earthquake that devastated Managua in March of last year."

As the Dallas *News* sees the situation—

"The United States is out and hopes to stay out.

"Probably only threatened expropriation of American investment or similar inroads on foreign property invoking the Monroe Doctrine will bring the Marines back. It is better so. Congress and the American people are both skeptical of maintaining armed forces in an independent nation. Every Marine life lost in a Sandino raid raises a material doubt in the American mind.

"This country should stay out if it can."

"It is to be hoped that due publicity will be given the evacuation throughout Latin America," remarks the Houston *Post*, because "our Nicaraguan policy has been one of the causes for opposition to the Monroe Doctrine among Latin-American peoples."

Meanwhile the strenuous job of policing Nicaragua has been handed over to the Guardia Nacional, or native National Guard, a body of 2,500, specially trained by the Marines for that duty. That banditry and insurgency will not subside immediately, may be inferred from the reports of a clash in the last week of the old year, resulting in the deaths of twenty-two rebels and three National Guardsmen.

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THIRTEEN States can make it unlucky for Repeal.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

PROSPERITY, we fear, is not just around the corner-saloon.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

WILFRED J. FUNK, lexicographer, listing ten most beautiful words, omitted "payday."—*Mobile Register.*

"THOSE who are taking up singing," says a well-known vocalist, "should not begin too early." Nor, we should like to add, should they continue too late.—*Punch* (*London*).

EVERY once in a while something big comes along to start the American people thinking. Then along comes some little thing to stop them.—*Dunbar's Weekly* (*Phœnix*).

IF the various governments continue to raise taxes, we can't.—*Thomaston* (*Ga.*) *Times.*

IN the orchards of Democracy, plums fall in the early spring.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

PARAGUAY has decided that its cause is too just to be decided by an impartial tribunal.—*Dallas News.*

EVIDENTLY Governor Roosevelt isn't going to stick his arms into the hair shirt until he is obliged to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WE suspect that T. R. Roosevelt, Jr., as Governor-General of the Philippines, is a fifth cousin, to be removed.—*Greensboro* (*Ga.*) *Herald-Journal.*

CONFISCATION of property is wicked Bolshevism. The nice way is to make the tax too high and then take it for taxes.—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

A GIRL in a Los Angeles hospital is running a 110-degree temperature. Just as Clara Bow was getting off to a new start, this competition looms.—*Detroit News.*

THE autobiography of a retired French general, we read, is to be published at what many critics regard as a prohibitive price. Trust a good soldier to sell his life dearly.—*The Humorist* (*London*).

THE wets have consistently refrained from citing Europe as an example of beer's value as a financial panacea.—*Weston* (*Ore.*) *Leader.*

A NEW kind of shirt is stated to have emerged from laundry tests with flying colors. And all the old ones did that too.—*Punch.*

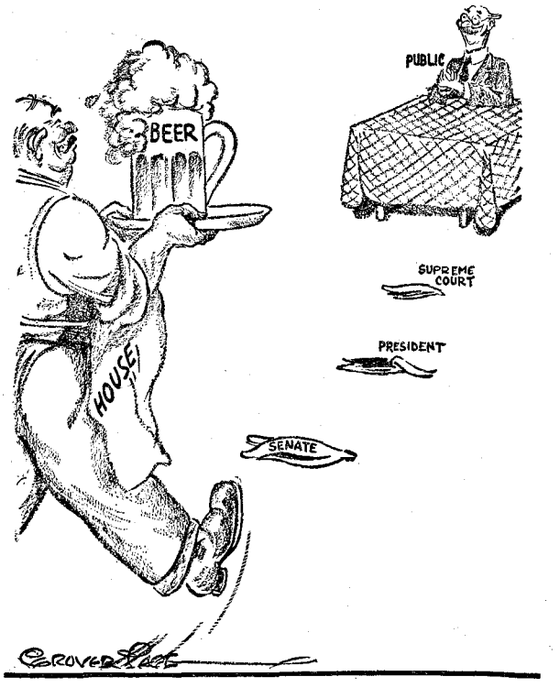
SOMETIMES we get to thinking that maybe things would be better now if the dove of peace had forgotten his bill.—*Boston Herald.*

IT's astonishing to observe what a sensation it creates when a professional diplomat says something that sounds like common sense.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

A CHILD was born out West a few days ago having eleven grand, great, and great-great-grandparents. The world's sympathies go out to the parents.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

CHOCTAW Indians out in Oklahoma have organized a school in which to learn how to farm like white men, which seems to portend additional need of farm relief.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

COOLIDGE advises the newspapers that if they'll deny it every time it is reported that he has been offered some job, they will always be right. That goes for ten million other Americans.—*Thomaston Times.*



"There's Many a Slip—"

—Page in the Louisville "Courier-Journal."

AMERICAN justice is too often tempered with politics.—*Louisville Times.*

A LAME duck, in case you don't know, is a bird who has taken a political paddling.—*Mobile Register.*

ALL the world's a stage, and of late most of the productions seem to have been farces.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

IT is reported that a new skating rink is to have tinted ice. Black and blue seems an appropriate color scheme.—*The Humorist.*

UNCLE SAM sent both his doughboys and his dough to La Belle France. His dough seems to have found a permanent home over there.—*Boston Herald.*

THE way it looks now, the seller seeks the buyer and the buyer the cellar.—*Weston Leader.*

A MAN with two hearts has been discovered. We wish they could use him in the banking business.—*Chicago Times.*

Now all the Democrats have to do is to pay the soldiers' bonus and at the same time reduce Federal taxes.—*Northwest Insurance* (*Minneapolis*).

AND the attitude of France on paying her obligations to this country suggests that in the hands across the sea there is a chisel.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

TWENTY millions is not too much to expect of a great Power, as the mistakes in addition in Paris cafés in a season must come easily to that.—*Detroit News.*

THE Bible says that without vision the people perish. The international bankers seem to think that without revision they will also.—*Wichita Eagle.*

"PHRENOLOGY renewing its popularity."—Head-line. Well, we ought to have quite a lot of new bumps on our heads after the last two years.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

THE Spaniards are catching onto the idea of republican government. The Spanish Cabinet has decided to spend $500,000 for a garage for its members' fourteen automobiles.—*Louisville Herald.*

"FRANCE will get no quarter from the United States," declares a member of Congress, but what's worse, it doesn't seem likely that the United States will get any quarter from France.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT must be careful to select a Secretary of Agriculture who will know how to take care of that big crop of grass that is to start growing in the streets after March 4.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE United States Treasury Department says a dollar bill will last nine months. Not only was this pointed out to the Little Woman, but we asked her, who is she to make a liar out of the United States Treasury Department.—*Detroit News.*

"IT makes a bath that refreshes, relaxes, and stimulates! You step out of your tub ready to meet all comers."—From a national soap advertisement. We fear the advertiser has greatly overestimated the number of Nudists in this country.—*Thomaston Times.*

HOWEVER, as we understand it, the Big Money Men who insist upon cancelation of the European war debts to save civilization are equally insistent on collecting the private debts Europe owes them, just to teach her a lesson.—*Macon Telegraph.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Japan's Big Bandit Job in Manchuria

COMPLETE EXTERMINATION OF BANDITRY in Manchuria may take from five to seven years.

That is the opinion of responsible Japanese Army officers, we are told, who realize that the most pressing problem confronting the Manchukuo and Japanese authorities is bandit suppression.

What is more, there are bandits and bandits in Manchuria, it seems, and the estimated total of the various classifications is 212,000.

Opposed to these forces that create disorder, writes H. G. W. Woodhead in the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, are some 33,000 Japanese and 120,000 Manchukuo troops.

A German Jab at Japan

The Japanese: "The operation in progress in Manchuria must not be defined as war."

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

THAT the bandit is no new phenomenon in Manchuria is noted by Mr. Woodhead, who recalls that Hunghutze—the old-style bandits—took part on both sides in the Russo-Japanese war. The 1929 report of the South Manchuria Railway is quoted as saying there were no less than 57,000 bandits in the three Eastern Provinces in that year.

The number greatly increased during 1932, it is pointed out, as the term "bandit" is now applied to the demoralized Chinese troops scattered at the time of the Japanese occupation and to other armed forces. In fact, every Chinese who opposes the Japanese occupation of Manchuria seems to be at once dubbed a "bandit."

The bandit problem was discust by this correspondent of *The Trans-Pacific* with every Japanese and Manchukuo official, military and civil, whom he met during a visit to Manchukuo. The fullest information was given to him, he relates, by Lieutenant-General Koiso, Chief of Staff of the Japanese forces in Manchuria, and Major Fujimoto of the Intelligence branch. Mr. Woodhead informs us further:

"The bandit problem, according to the Japanese, has to be considered under several heads. The word 'bandit' is loosely used to describe various anti-Japanese and anti-Manchukuo forces, as well as mere predatory criminals. Roughly, the Manchukuo bandits may be divided into four groups:

"1. Political forces, mainly consisting of the so-called 'volunteers,' and scattered units of the former Manchurian Army, which possess a military organization, and are supposed to be encouraged and financed by Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang and the Nanking Government. The estimated number of these is 69,000.

"2. Religious or fanatical organizations, such as 'Red Spears,' and 'Great Souls,' which are usually poorly armed, but believe that by the use of charms they can secure immunity from bullets. They number some 16,000 and operate chiefly in Eastern Fengtien, between Mukden and the Korean border. Many of them are Hopei and Shantung Chinese, and they derive their supplies from the Yalu, where they are smuggled in from their native provinces.

"3. Hunghutze—the old-style bandits who have carried on their depredations in Manchuria with increasing audacity for the past thirty years. They are supposed to number some 62,000, and their suppression will perhaps prove the most difficult task of all.

"4. So-called peasant bandits—not robbers by inclination or profession—who have taken to this calling on account of economic and political conditions. They include men whose villages have been looted, and whose crops have been destroyed by other groups of bandits, or who for one reason or another have been reduced to the verge of starvation. They number about 65,000, and are regarded with greater sympathy by the Japanese authorities than the other three groups."

SO the estimated total of all classes of bandits in Manchukuo is 212,000, and Mr. Woodhead goes on to say:

"Opposed to the forces that are creating disorder are some 33,000 Japanese and 120,000 Manchukuo troops.

"For the moment the Japanese Command is concentrating its energies upon breaking up the larger groups of anti-Manchukuo forces. It expects to accomplish this task within the next twelve months.

"But the complete extermination of banditry in Manchuria may, in the opinion of responsible Japanese officers, take from five to seven years."

That Japan is determined to persevere in her task in Manchuria is apparent from a statement issued by the War Office at Tokyo explaining the purposes for which the increased appropriations granted to the Army in the 1933 budget are to be used.

Japan's military armaments, according to this official announcement, have been insufficient when compared with those of other Powers, but lack of funds has hitherto prevented reform. Now that Japan is responsible for peace in Manchuria, modernization has become an urgent necessity, and, as reported in Tokyo press cables, the Japanese War Office statement lists the proposed changes:

"First, increase of forces in Manchuria by strengthening technical units, such as the aviation, machine-gun, automobile, and railway corps, while retaining the same number of divisions.

"Two, provision for training 100,000 soldiers at home in mechanical warfare. This will cost 9,000,000 yen [about $1,900,000] the first year and 6,000,000 a year thereafter.

"Three, extension of the military academy, improved training of company officers, increased facilities for training volunteer and reservist officers, establishment of new schools to train aviation tank corps, and schools for training soldiers from every unit in defense against gas and replenishment of munitions in stores."

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The Soviet "War for Grain"

FAMINE'S GRIM SHAPE stalks in Russia.

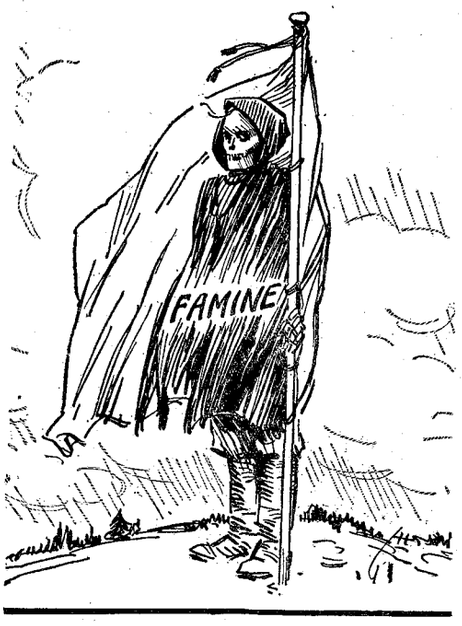
So declare anti-Soviet critics. But even the Soviet press and Soviet sympathizers outside Russia admit there is a food crisis in the country.

The result is, we are told, that the "war for grain," which has variously flared up and died down during the years of the Soviet régime, is said to be once more devastating the land.

Soviet statistics concede that the crops of 1932 were about 20 per cent. below those of 1931; and the crops of 1931 at least 12 per cent. below 1930.

The Soviet press relate that as long as a year ago "serious food difficulties" arose throughout the Soviet Union, but especially in such regions as the usually fertile Ukraine. In 1931, it is reported, about 1,000,000 inhabitants fled from that section to other parts in search of food.

Now apparently things have become much worse. Workmen, it seems, are fleeing en masse from factories because the Government can not feed them enough. This, of course, disorganizes industry.



The Soviet Standard-Bearer

—"The Irish Independent" (Dublin).

BUT to get what food they can, it appears, the Government carries on "grain collections"—at arbitrary and very low prices—from the villages.

The consequence is resistance by the peasants who are fighting for their lives.

How bad the situation is in Northern Caucasus, one of the most important grain-producing areas in the Union, may be gathered from *Pravda*, official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party, which says:

"Here the grain harvested by the collective farms is being stolen, hidden, secretly sold, and otherwise looted by the peasants belonging to these very farms.

"In a word, they do anything with it in order to keep it from the Government. Still worse, the local Communists often act as allies of these kulaks. Thus, even Communists make common front with counter-revolutionists.

"This alone can explain why the campaign of the kulaks has not been checked. In some regions, for instance, the hiding of grain has been organized by the peasants en masse.

"Scherbina, a secret kulak, who had succeeded in getting admitted into the Communist party, hid 540 poods [about ten tons] of grain; and he is no less a person than the president of the 'Selmashstroy' collective farm.

"Zapashny, the president of the 'Red Partizan' collective farm, hid 2,000 poods [about 36 tons] of grain in like manner.

"All imaginable methods are used to hide the grain. In some places the managers of the collective farms give the authorities false statements of the amounts of their stocks. In others, while being threshed, grain was hidden in the straw and reported to the authorities as 'lost.'

"In some sections of the Ukraine, kulaks have secret mills of their own, where grain stolen from the Government is ground. For instance, in the village Bogdanovka, fifteen such mills have been discovered.

"Generally speaking, conditions in the Ukraine are no better than in Northern Caucasus. And Northern Caucasus and the Ukraine are responsible for the unsatisfactory progress of our grain collections."

"What Can Moscow Answer to These Hungry Eyes?"

—"De Notenkraker" (Amsterdam).

Capital punishment was decreed three months ago for persons thus looting "public property." Indeed, now and then we read in *Pravda* that "in such and such a village" a certain number of kulaks—rich peasants—were sentenced to death for stealing grain from their collective farms.

Yet some observers assert that such sentences are comparatively rare. And how could it be otherwise, they point out, for practically all Russia's peasant class is forced to "steal" the products of its own labor in order to remain alive. So it is claimed in some quarters that the local Communist authorities find themselves obliged to shut their eyes to what is going on, because after all it would be impractical to execute the entire Russian population.

THE alarmingly inadequate functioning of the Russian railroads is also mentioned by *Pravda* as a contributing cause to the shortage, and it gives a gloomy picture of food distribution:

"Winter is under way. Soon the river Volga will be covered with ice, and navigation will be closed.

"The only way of transporting grain from the rich Volga region then will be by the Samara-Zlatoust railroad. Even now, however, this railroad fails to transport the amount of grain allotted to it.

"Nine large barges loaded with grain recently arrived in Samara. Here the grain must be reloaded into freight-cars and shipped to Central Asia. Yet the railroad can not supply the cars.

"So the barges stand and wait. The granaries in the Volga ports are filled to capacity. Often, indeed, for lack of space, grain is unloaded in the open air where it rots and goes to waste. Yet, no freight-cars are to be had."

ANOTHER problem confronting the Soviet Government is disclosed by the report of Walter Duranty in a Moscow wireless to the New York *Times* that nearly a million members of the Communist party may be deprived of their membership in the coming months, when Joseph Stalin follows the example set by Lenin:

"In 1921, when Lenin purged the party, more than half of the members were expelled. Careerists, shirkers, wolves in sheep's clothing, the blind leading the blind, he called them, and Stalin will follow his hard example.

"It is probable that most of the Communists affected this time will not be utterly expelled but will be placed on probation."

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A Viennese Close-Up of Von Schleicher

HIS BEST WEAPON IS THE TELEPHONE. *His tactics are negotiation.*

That sums up the character of Chancellor Kurt von Schleicher, Germany's "strong man," according to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. He is master of the art of establishing personal relations with even his fiercest opponents, successful in compromise, we are told, with an easy-going readiness to take any path to a goal if the direct one be closed.

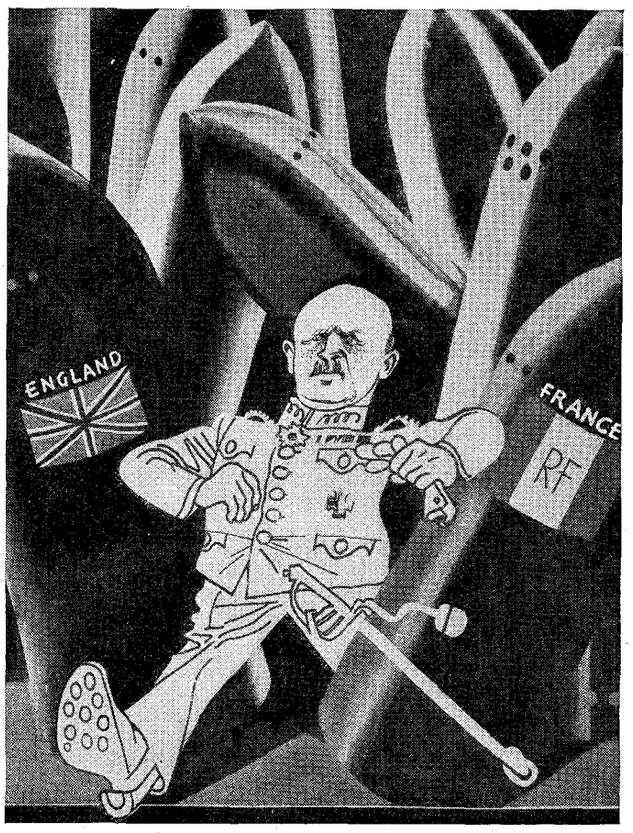
Born as recently as 1882, he is still in the fifties, and this newspaper goes on to say:

"The blood in his veins is partly Hanseatic and partly Westphalian. The military tradition is in his family. One of his great-grandfathers perished at the head of a regiment, in 1815, in a rush on the village of Ligny. This martyr was well educated, cultivated, a friend of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, an example of the urbanity which survives in the perfect manners of Schleicher to this day.

"The son of Ludwig von Schleicher was also an officer, a man of conservative views in the revolutionary upheavals of 1848. He was a Westphalian who gladly went about the town in a smock. His heir, who was spiritually his son as well as actually so, fought in 1870 as a seventeen-year-old recruit at Privat, and he died betimes with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His pictures show a blond giant madly shooting at the enemy in a battle and standing upright instead of lying down with the rest of his command.

"These things merit mention because they reveal the atmosphere in which Kurt von Schleicher grew up. He was quite rooted in the soil of militarism, altho on his mother's side he belongs to a prominent merchant family at Danzig. Naturally, Schleicher became a soldier. He took on the ways of his forebears. Accident favored him rather than personal merit at first.

"He went into the Third Infantry regiment of the Guards, and joined the very company that was once Hindenburg's and which contained likewise others now in the President's circle. But if Schleicher went the way of his ancestors, he was never a soldier in the literal sense. His battle-field has always been the desk. His best weapon is the telephone. His tactics are those of negotiation."



A German Tip to Von Schleicher

"Watch your step, General. England and France have guns, too."
—"Der Wahre Jakob" (Berlin).

During the World War, we are further informed, Chancellor von Schleicher headed the administration of the railroads. But it was when the great German crash came, apparently, that von Schleicher first fully revealed his miraculous facility for making friends right and left. Major von Schleicher, as he was in those days, always smoothed over the differences between the General Staff Headquarters and the politicians in the Socialist camp, and it is related:

"Thanks to Schleicher, Ebert, besieged in the Chancellery, got the aid of troops and was rescued from imprisonment on a certain critical Christmas night.

"Schleicher worked for the reorganization of the military forces as aid to Minister Gessler, and in flat defiance of General von Seekt, who vainly fought the influence of the chief of the personal bureau.

"Schleicher threw his whole influence in favor of the Central Government against Saxony and Thuringia, altho such a course seemed dubious to many.

"But Schleicher contrived in no long time to conciliate the alienated elements on the radical side. As Gessler's successor, Schleicher urged his old chief, Groener, who thus was made Defense Minister and was gladly followed by the republican elements.

"The promotion of Heinrich Bruening to the post of Chancellor was made possible through the tactful influence of Schleicher, altho it is whispered that Schleicher had in mind a somewhat more direct and more strict regard for the authority of Hindenburg as President.

"The power Schleicher had attained by this time is revealed in the sudden fall of Groener, friend and patron of Schleicher —because Groener dared to dissolve some of the regimental formations of the Hitlerites. This was a signal for the collapse of the Bruening Ministry."

Chimneys as Labor's Weapon in Japan

FLAGPOLE SITTERS in the United States perch for publicity.

But, in Japan, chimney-sitters go aloft and stay there as the workers' protest in labor disputes.

This new weapon of the Japanese proletariat, it appears, is of comparatively recent date, and somewhat baffles the police authorities. The first time a grim workman clambered up to the top of a tall chimney of the Kawasaki Cotton Mill near Tokyo, says Jukuro Hiyoshi, he opened the eyes of both capital and labor to the hitherto unsuspected usefulness of these dizzy heights.

He was Kiyoshi Tanabe, aged twenty-four, who, by his novel stratagem, has given the Japanese proletariat a new arm to fight their employers, and in a Japanese publication, the *Shakai oyobi Kokka*, Jukuro Hiyoshi goes on to relate:

"For 130 hours without a break, he stood (alone) near the chimney's rim. Neither threats nor entreaties from the puzzled police could bring him down to the ground.

"During this war of attrition between the one above and the many below, Tanabe kept waving a red flag, munching bread, and smoking at intervals. Not knowing what to do with the worker, the employers finally gave in and accepted the demands set before them by the mill hands.

"It was only when the news of the victory, largely won by his determined stay aloft, was conveyed to him by megaphone that he consented to come down from his precarious perch. This achievement, however, cost him a term of imprisonment on the charge of 'infringing domiciliary rights.'

"It goes without saying that the demonstration gathered a record crowd to the precincts of this particular chimney. From morning till dusk men and women, elbowing one another, stood with upturned faces gazing intently at the free entertainment. To enliven the scene dozens of policemen gesticulated and shouted in an endeavor to bring the man to reason and to earth."

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Miss Cornell Triumphs Over the Play

KATHARINE CORNELL GOES BACK to old Roman times for her latest play, pausing on the way at a Renaissance dress-shop for her fittings.

The play itself, out of Shakespeare's poem, "Rape of Lucrece," written by a Frenchman, translated and adapted by Thornton Wilder, produced by Guthrie McClintic, decorated by Robert Edmond Jones, acted by a surrounding galaxy, and set to music by Deems Taylor, furnishes Miss Cornell with a first-rate challenge to dramatic critics.

The answer is a training on the piece of rather heavy-powered guns, and the target they hit is Mr. André Obey, who wrote it.

"If the play were up to the theater," writes Brooks Atkinson (New York *Times*), "what a memorable experience this 'Lucrece' would be," for "from Miss Cornell's imperious acting to Mr. Jones's brooding settings it represents inspired art." "By every sign she is the actress Shakespeare needs in the current theater."

THO Mr. Hammond, in *The Herald Tribune*, dubs the play "a lovely bore," he adds an imprimatur to Miss Cornell's Shakespearian ambitions:

"Miss Cornell has said that her performance of *Lucrece* is an experiment, frankly undertaken to test her qualities as a player of classic rôles. The result of the trial last evening at the Belasco proved her ability to impersonate the drama's more hallowed heroines, altho it left some of us doubting her shrewdness as a showwoman. For, despite the dignity, beauty, and music of her characterization, the tragedy itself had some aspects of a lovely bore.

"Relatively sensational in its theme, and radical in the manner of its presentation, it still was often arid, causing time to droop heavily on the audience's applauding hands. It is my impression that Miss Cornell could have been convinced of her capacity to play *Lady Macbeth*, *Juliet*, *Phedre*, *Electra*, or *Camille* by merely asking the opinion of thousands of dramatic critics, lay and professional. They would have persuaded her that she could do so without the probationary sacrifices of 'Lucrece.'"

IN that case, he qualifies, "we might have missed what is at least a different experience in the theater, distinguished by a sincere aspiration to be of service to a forlorn art." Continuing:

"Every possible thing has been done by Miss Cornell and her associates to make a worthy entertainment from Shakespeare's dull poem, 'The Rape of Lucrece.' In it they gently flog its tired and plodding procedure into something similar to life and animation. Miss Cornell, as you do not have to be told, is beautifully the gentle and gracious Roman lady, 'voluptuous in her chastity,' who is ravished by the abnormal son of the king. That carnal catastrophe is depicted unrelentingly in the first act by Miss Cornell, who, white and horrified, pleads unsuccessfully with him (Mr. Brian Aherne) to desist. She is all, and perhaps more, than Shakespeare described her to be—a woman in the most hideous of a woman's predicaments.

"Mr. Aherne, too, is vivid, as in the rôle of the degenerate *Tarquin*, he plans and executes his odious enterprises. Not long ago Mr. Aherne was *Robert Browning* in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street'; but now he is a sinister Roman beast, addicted to the violation of virtuous womanhood. His swollen lips are overthick and over-red, his black hair grows low upon his forehead, indicating excessive animality. When he enters *Lucrece's* chamber he is reminiscent of the satyr in 'The Afternoon of a Faun,' silent, dancing, and musing a tragic shame. But after that pitiable episode has been accomplished, little else occurs in 'Lucrece' excepting Miss Cornell's poetic suicide, preferring as she did death to dishonor."

Photograph by Vandam Studio

Headed for Shakespeare?

By every sign Miss Cornell "is the actress Shakespeare needs in the current theater."

THE novelty for a modern play is in the use, made in the present instance, of "narrators" who are something in the manner of the Greek chorus. One (Robert Lorraine) speaks for *Tarquin*, the other (Blanche Yurka) for *Lucrece*. By these means, Richard Lockridge (writing in the New York *Sun*) charges the authors have "told their story intricately, rather preciously, a little pretentiously." Elucidating:

"They have, possibly with some idea of giving a classic clarity to the whole, told not a small part of it through the words of 'narrators,' who sometimes speak while the actors pantomime, sometimes describe what is happening at a distance, now and then piece out what the actors are saying, ringing variations on the theme.

"And sometimes these two narrators step out of the play to watch it as spectators, to argue rather lengthily whether *Lucrece* needs to die, to offer slightly routine discussions of man's innate depravity.

"And, of course, this is all intended to lift the story to a classic, rather than a merely human, plane. This adds, in some fashion doubtless obscure to me only because of innate stupidity, 'significance.' And there is also, doubtless, further significance in the elaborate pretense that doors exist to be opened among the classic columns of Robert Edmond Jones's distinguished and simple settings—a pretense carried to such a point that *Tarquin*, advancing on his prey, circles the stage, painstakingly opening non-existent doors at every step. But it is nevertheless all quite literary; all like the employment of a mannered and tricky prose style to say something very simple.

"And this involution of method hampers and entangles the straight flow of the story, and weakens it with artifice. One grows so diverted by *Tarquin's* roundabout progress, so distracted by the he-narrator's monolog during it, that it becom hardly possible to remember that he is advancing to a foul a climactic deed."

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A Kind Word for Radio Music

THE GENERAL QUALITY and character of radio music definitely is moving upward.

This contention is made by *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston) in face of the criticism leveled at radio broadcasters for "the large volume of shoddy popular music that is sent out over the ether lines."

The Monitor does not pretend the proportion of trashy compositions going through the microphone is not "far higher than is desirable." But it asserts that it can be proved statistically that our opening statement is correct.

What, then, has been accomplished?

"Where hundreds before the advent of radio were familiar with the great and minor names in the capacious album of good music, tens of thousands now are numbered in that category. And the total of this music-conscious audience is developing without interruption as the broadcasters are turning more and more to the works of the better composers.

"The names of Mozart, the Haydns, Wagner, Verdi, Leoncavallo, Liszt, Tchaikowsky, Brahms, Bach, Ravel, Schubert, Schumann, Debussy, Beethoven, Chopin, and countless others are meaningful to many persons to-day who, a few years ago, were disdainful of 'highbrow' music simply because they never had heard enough of it to kindle any love or appreciation.

"It is significant, too, that where lighter music is particularly desirable, the broadcasters are turning again and again to the always beautiful melodies of such composers as Sullivan, Elgar, Luders, De Koven, Herbert, and to such sound modern contrivers of tinkling tunes as Kern, Romberg, and Gershwin.

"Radio, with its insatiable demand for great quantity and variety, is music's hardest taskmaster.

"At the same time, by its very nature radio is in a position quickly to reveal whether or not a composition and a composer are of permanent quality. The dross flares its brief moment; then is tossed away and forgotten.

"But a hundred microphones can not subdue the lasting flame of true genius."

Artists in the Bread Line

PERHAPS they read "Trilby" in their youth and thought the life attractive.

Or their parents read of Rembrandts fetching $200,000 at auction, tho "Rembrandt himself gets none of it."

These are Henry McBride's speculations as to why so many artists to-day are in the bread line.

"The artists get into it, unfortunately, before they know what it is all about."

In the New York *Sun* Mr. McBride gives some advice about overproduction in the future:

"A lot of this unpreparedness for life on the part of our artists could be ameliorated if some of these committees now engaged in the task of supplying food and woolen garments to starving painters and sculptors would jot down the stories that these unfortunates tell them, get them printed in a neat and succinct form, and see that they are placed in the hands of parents of cute children that betray an aptitude for drawing.

"Such a procedure would certainly result in lessening the number of artists for the decade to come, and that would be an enormous help, for most of the misery in the art crowd, like most of the misery of the rest of the world, is due to overproduction.

"However, that is not what I started out to say. Sermons, I have often noticed, have a wilfulness of their own, and preachers have the greatest difficulty escorting their muses down the strait and narrow path, however earnestly they may recommend that thoroughfare to their listeners.

"The future must take care of itself.

"The concern at present is with those butterflies already enmeshed in the web of art.

"What is to be done for them? Nothing much physically, I fear, beyond what the aforementioned committees are already doing; but for their souls I have a specific. It is nothing less than the reminder that for those already at the bottom there is nowhere to go but up. Think that over."

Poetry in the Doldrums

JAMES STEPHENS, THE IRISH WRITER, came here for two months, and departed without any teas or trumpets. But he left behind some seed-thoughts.

"It is a long time," so he is quoted in the New York *Times*, "since the values of the Victorian age have had meaning for artists. But nothing suitable has been found to replace the outmoded, to dig into as root-holds from which creation springs.

"The values necessary for artistic creation touched a new low on December 31, 1931—for want of a better date—and no great literature in prose or poetry will be written until a new set of values, based on life as it is lived here and now, has been created."

This may seem a hard saying for the present, but Mr. Stephens faces it bravely, and seems to predict some revolution in the world of art like that proposed in social life:

"Oh, there are many changes. In olden times the Irish poet lived on the cream of the land. If he wanted a farm, he asked an Irish lord for it and got it. If he wanted two cows he got them, too. That was a grand age, but it came to an end one day when a poet stept into a pub and was refused a glass of ale by a barmaid. That broke the tradition, and the heart of the poet, too, incidentally. Poets in our land have been like other men since then.

"And as for the great work, none of it is being produced to-day. For work of lasting value must come out of some set of values. Paul Valery in France is a fine example known to me of an artist with a fine technique and a brilliant style, but who has nothing to say. Even Einstein and the other great scientists don't know what their findings mean.

"The younger writers will have the opportunity denied to us of the interim generation to produce great works of art. First, tho, they must create a new vocabulary to express the new values that will be set up. The old words won't do, and many writers, realizing this, are already at work on the problem."

The *Times* interviewer helps us to understand why so much poetry to-day is a mystery to the reader as it is, on Mr. Stephens's confession, to the writer:

"Of his own poems Mr. Stephens confessed that he never knew what they were going to be like, or even what they would be about when he started them. He begins with one thought, he said, and from then on the poem writes itself. Frequently it is not until some time later that he can decide, he said, what the subject of his poem is.

"'With such methods poetry is no great task,' he said. 'Poetry flows along on its own momentum. But for prose you must quarry each word out of very hard granite.'"

The Cover

RECALL our cover of December 12, 1931.

It was Frank Vining Smith's picture of Red Jacket, decorating the car *Yankee Clipper* of the New Haven Railroad.

This clipper sailed a comparatively smooth sea, but the clipper to-day lives up to its name, *Flying Fish*, and with bellying sails plows through a rough sea.

Repeating our account of the artist:

"Frank Vining Smith was born in 1879, and his boyhood was spent at Monument Beach on Buzzards Bay, rich in sea lore, peopled with retired skippers, and as a small boy he learned to sail small boats and to observe larger ones. As he grew older he spent much of his time on yachts cruising up and down the Maine coast.

"His education along artistic lines was comparatively limited, attending the Boston Museum of Fine Arts School. He then was engaged in newspaper and advertising work for fifteen years, and did painting in his spare time. Working nights as a newspaper artist, cartoonist, and illustrator, he spent his days painting ships, finally giving up his newspaper work and devoting his entire time to painting.

"For study Mr. Smith goes to the sea itself, and can often be found taking a trick at the wheel in a Gloucester fisherman, or aboard his own yawl, the *Dragon*."

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Ten Most Beautiful Words

WINTER IS NOT INCLUDED within the "silly season," so the country-wide agitation over the "ten most beautiful words" in English is not due to lack of other mental excitants.

Wilfred J. Funk, poet and publisher, started the ball rolling with a list of ten—"beautiful in meaning and in the musical arrangement of their letters."

The list was chosen after a "thorough sifting of thousands of words."

To make Mr. Funk's purpose clearer, his explanatory paragraph, ignored in many of the comments, should be considered. It is this:

"The long vowel sounds and the soft consonants make these words flow smoothly.

"Beauty and sound are not enough. 'Mush' is a word pleasant to the ear, but its connotation is ugly. Beauty of meaning is not sufficient. 'Mother' is one of our most loved words, but it lacks euphony."

New York's literati, fed by the Associated Press, set to work to be gay, flippant, satirical, or abusive, as personal temperament regarded the tools of their trade.

"I don't like this list, because I don't like soft words," said Hendrik Van Loon. "'Dawn' is like a dead cat," so the New York *Herald Tribune* credits Fannie Hurst. Thus the splendors of the morning give way to the corpse of a night-prowling tabby.

ONE substitute word, or phrase, which was several times cited is "cellar-door," which Albert Payson Terhune (New York *American*) credits to Mazzini, who, remembering his own mellifluous Italian, declared, when he began learning English, it was our "most beautiful word."

Edwin Markham, in *The American's* symposium, running a week, chooses this list:

Reverberating	Imperishable	Empyrean	Nevermore	Ideal
Chryselephantine	Sea-sands	Coliseum	Plutonian	Californian

Mary Austin's list and comment follow:

Eyelid	Slumberous	Unconquerable	Valiant	Waconda
Twilight	Immemorial	Emulous	Incommunicable	Death

"Words without continuity interest me little. But the most beautiful word cluster I know is Shakespeare's 'Absent thee from felicity awhile, and for a season draw thy breath in pain.'"

Theodore Dreiser "submits ten words which," so *The American* comments, "whimsically enough turn out to be taken from titles of nine of his stories, and a periodical he writes for periodically." His list:

Jennie	Chains	Carrie	Free	Tragedy
Titan	Spectator	Genius	Financier	Moods

Reinald Werrenrath, the barytone, gives a singer's slant on beautiful words, and confesses to feel "a more musical appreciation of short, simple words":

Home	Vernal	Ballad	Noble	Cloud
Marine	Human	Glow	Strength	Melody

In substitute lists we see Mr. Funk's qualifications ignored, and temperamental, even geographical, preferences emerge.

"I have no opinion on such an absurd subject," said Dr. Felix E. Schelling, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, quoted by the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. "Words are valuable only in their associations and significance, and in no other way." Joseph Hergesheimer thus concurred: "Words contain no general beauty in themselves."

In Ohio, some of Mr. Funk's words were accepted. Professor Frederick Moore of Wooster College likes long words—amaranthine, Mesopotamia (in *The Ohio Record*, Wooster).

Word-listing is "amusing but foolish" to Prof. A. R. Chandler, of Ohio State University. Quoted by the Columbus *Citizen:*

"The beautiful word is the right word in the right place. It is therefore foolish to try to make a list of the most beautiful words apart from context. Of course 'mellow' is more euphonious than 'stretched,' and 'forlorn' is richer in association than 'fish,' but any one of the four words might be found in a beautiful lyric."

Associated with the University of Nebraska is Prof. Oren Stepanik, who observes: "Without qualification words would mean nothing. What might be beautiful to a Ku Klux Klansman might have a very sinister meaning to some one else."

In Kansas City, Miss Clara Hulbert Smith, director of the Better Diction Club, "wants words that mean beautiful things to her without emphasis on sound" (in *The Journal-Post*). She selects: "ingenuous, versatile, confidence, friendship, justice, quiet, color, mother, home, and romance."

dawn	mist
hush	luminous
lullaby	chimes
murmuring	golden
tranquil	melody

Mr. Funk's Ten Most Beautiful Words

HOLLYWOOD, reported by the New Haven *Register*, lives up to reputation. "It's a matter of taste."

"Albert Conn said, 'Greenback is all ten of them.'

"Richard Shayer, scenario executive who wrote 'Private Jones,' and collaborated on 'Trader Horn', said he preferred 'beer, wine, repeal, Scotch, soda, Manhattan, Martini, ale, Trojan, and Roosevelt.'

"'Mr. Funk's selections are just lovely,' he said, 'but they don't mean anything.'

"'Unquestionably,' said Henry C. Roland, 'love is the most beautiful word, because it represents something that doesn't exist. Funk should have included "mother." How about "synthetic"?'

"James Seymour likes 'cardiac' and 'garbage,' if only, he commented wistfully, they meant something nice.

"Willard Keefe, who wrote 'Celebrity' and 'Gentlemen of the Press,' was pessimistic.

"'There are,' he asserted, 'no beautiful words. Words in themselves are not beautiful except as they become so by connotation. Any beautiful word could be made to appear very ugly.'

"'I like "v" words,' said Gouveneur Morris. 'Syzygy is a model. And then there's vial, violet, vine, vermilion, forlorn, madrigal, Susquehanna, Miramachi, and woddershins, but I wish syzygy would be worked into a conversation or a scenario or something oftener.'"

WRITERS who affect food, drink, money, success, what you will, find words in harmony with their predilection beautiful, so why go on citing the ingenuities by which these preferences are exprest?

It may be interesting to recall a little history remembered by the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

"Twenty years ago there was a contest to determine the twenty-five most beautiful words in the language, and it was won by a hard-headed New York lawyer. His list was as follows: Melody, splendor, adoration, grace, eloquence, virtue, innocence, modesty, faith, truth, peace, nobility, joy, honor, love, divine, heaven, hope, harmony, happiness, purity, justice, liberty, radiance, sympathy. From this list the judges struck out four words as lacking in euphony compared to the other words. These words were: grace, divine, justice, and truth. Grace and justice were discarded because of the hardness of the g in grace and of the j in justice. The word truth had a metallic sound, the judges declared; and, while divine was beautiful in sentiment, they held that it lacked euphony."

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Islam's Rebirth in Turkey

TURKEY HAS REDISCOVERED THE KORAN.

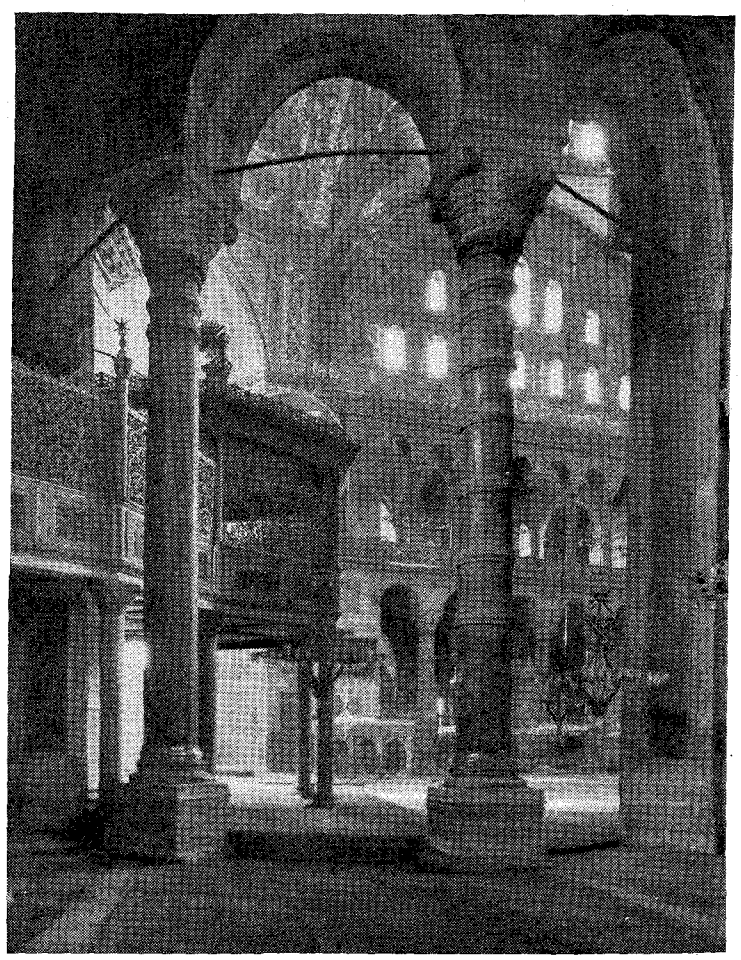
When, for the first time, passages from it were chanted in the Turkish tongue, the people were thrilled with a religious ardor that they had not known in years.

Islam, it seems, was not dead; it was only sleeping. "God is great," cried the muezzins, and the people heard.

For nearly ten years after Mustafa Kemal Pasha had driven the Caliph into exile, suppressed the monasteries, and taken education from clerical control, Islam seemed to be undergoing rapid disintegration, writes F. Lyman MacCallum in *The Moslem World*. Islam in Turkey was leaderless and unfashionable. In Constantinople the mosque was largely abandoned to the reactionary, the aged, and the ignorant. Worship was conducted in the sacred Arabic tongue, the study of which had disappeared from the schools.

One day, during the Fast of Ramadan, which is observed by Mohammedans as Lent is observed by Christians, an announcement appeared in the *Milliyet* and other newspapers that Yashar Bey would chant a passage from the Turkish Koran at the Yerebatan Mosque, a small mosque near St. Sophia.

"Hafiz Yashar Bey's style and voice," ran the notice, "will be certain to enhance the effectiveness of the passage, and Hafiz Yashar will forever retain the honor of having been the first *hafiz* [a Mohammedan who has committed to memory the entire Koran] to recite their religious books to the Turks in their own tongue. We hope that many other *hafiz* will follow Hafiz Yashar Bey's lead and begin to recite to their admiring hearers in their own tongue."



Publishers Photo Service, New York

Here "God Is Great" Resounds Again

An interior view of the mosque of St. Sophia, once a Christian church, where the Moslem service is always one of the world's impressive spectacles. The Koran is now recited by the Turks in their own tongue.

THAT afternoon there were scenes of considerable enthusiasm at theYerebatan mosque, says Mr. MacCallum, who is the subagent of the American Bible Society in Istanbul.

Two days later recitals were given in three mosques, and Mr. MacCallum quotes from the *Milliyet* this description of the scene in the Seljuk mosque:

"All faces turned toward Hafiz Yashar Bey as he recited first the original of the 'Anbiya' Sura [a chapter or section of the Koran], and then repeated it in Turkish. 'The day of man's reckoning draws nigh!' he cried. A sound of sobbing broke from the lines of worshipers. They were listening with eyes half-closed in trance, rosaries clicking through their fingers.

"'Tell them that God hears every word spoken in heaven and on earth. God sees and hears all!' Some nodded, some groaned, 'Oh Lord God!' Some audibly repented of their sins.

"One thing was certain, that the congregation, listening for the first time to God's Word from this pulpit, was touched as never before. When some passages were being chanted, the people were almost beside themselves. When the verse, 'Everything shall taste of death,' was pronounced, the heads of the congregation fell forward on their breasts."

THE *Milliyet* later gave seven columns to the movement, more, perhaps, says Mr. MacCallum, than had been devoted to religious topics by that important daily for years. It said:

"The reciting of the Turkish Koran, which has opened a new era in our religious history, continues to gather support and approval. Scarcely a single innovation has hitherto won such wide-spread sympathy and support in this country. Any mosque in which the Turkish Koran is to be recited is immediately filled to overflowing."

THE movement spread to Smyrna, Trebizond, and other Black Sea towns. At length came the "Night of Decree," the climax of the Moslem religious year, that night on which the Prophet visited heaven and saw Allah's face, and on which men's fates are appointed. The service at the mosque of St. Sophia, says Mr. MacCallum, is always one of the world's impressive spectacles. "One looks down from majestic galleries upon a liquid mass of humanity rising and falling in rhythmic waves at the behest of the wild, triumphant cries of the muezzins, while the historic temple almost shakes with the thunder of knees as those thousands prostrate themselves. Then follows a moment of awful silence, sufficient even to halt the tongues of the chatty sightseers."

The service on this occasion, says Mr. MacCallum, may easily have been the most remarkable since the Turks came to Constantinople. Thirty *hafiz* reciters, it was announced, would read the Turkish Koran, and the entire service would be broadcast by radio. Mr. MacCallum tells us:

"By four o'clock in the afternoon hundreds of men, women, and children were gathered at the doors, and shortly after sunset prayer the doors had to be closed again in the face of thousands.

"So densely was the mosque packed that during the ensuing *namaz* [Mohammedan liturgical prayer] hundreds had no room to prostrate themselves and were compelled to remain standing or seated. An American estimate of their numbers is as low as 10,000, but the press reports were three to four times that number, with an additional 30,000 in the courtyard.

"After the evening *namaz*, singers in various parts of the building were to chant the 'Mevlid' or Birth-song of the Prophet,

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which for five centuries has been the favorite religious poem of the Turks. So the congregation broke ranks, and struggled to get within hearing of the singers.

"The scene defies description. The roar from this human whirlpool was like the thunder of rivers or of an earthquake. Above it soared the high quivering voice of the *hafiz* sounding the opening lines of the 'Mevlid':

> "'Let us invoke God's name in the beginning,
> In every act this keeps His slaves from sinning.'

"At half-past eight the muezzins lifted their voices in an overpowering cry, 'God is great!'

"A thrill of excitement laid its hold on that vast concourse—excitement that communicated itself to another great crowd standing under falling snow in front of loud-speakers in Angora's main square, and even to aliens seated by their radio sets in Bulgaria and Roumania.

"With that cry something deep and long-pent surged from the Turkish heart. Men felt that in that moment the religious life of the Turkish Republic took a definite turn.

"Islam in Turkey was still alive, solid, mighty—and national. The new and foaming wine of Mustafa Kemal was brimming the ancient bottles of Mohammed. To-night the Turks were tearing their religious life free from the senseless clutch of the withered hand of Arabia."

Religious Rivalry in Jail

ONE BUDDHIST AND TWO MOHAMMEDANS were received within the gray walls of Sing Sing during the last fiscal year.

During the same period the doors of the great prison closed behind 855 Catholics, 518 Protestants, 177 Hebrews, twenty Christian Scientists, and eight of no religion at all.

This doesn't mean that the Catholics are any more criminally inclined than Buddhists, Mohammedans, Protestants, or Jews. It means, we are told, that the Catholics form a larger part of the population in the area from which Sing Sing draws its unwilling guests. New York State hasn't many Buddhists and Mohammedans, but it has a large population of Roman Catholics.

"The religious census of a prison," writes the Rev. John P. McCaffrey in *The Commonweal*, a New York Catholic weekly, "follows the population of the area that feeds the prison." And Father McCaffrey uses statistics of Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck in "Five Hundred Criminal Cases" to show that in a Massachusetts prison the Protestant group in the section from which the prison draws its inmates contributed slightly more than its proportionate share, the Hebrew appreciably less, and the Catholic slightly less than its percentage of the general population.

"It can be stated as the result of many such studies," says Father McCaffrey, "that the figures of the general population are reflected in the populations of the prisons. There are certain prisons where the Protestant inmates are in the majority. The answer to the question that naturally arises is not an indictment of any particular religious group, but rather a study of the population statistics of the area that is feeding the prison."

But why does the prison roster contain so many people who tag themselves as belonging to one church or another, and so few who are of no religion at all? Father McCaffrey answers:

"One can say as a general thing that most of the men in prison gave up the active practise of their faith before they faced the judge for sentence. Some of the judges in the New York area and Westchester County are of the opinion that 90 per cent. of the men who faced them had stopt going to church.

"A good Catholic practising his religion rarely comes into conflict with the law on a major issue. The same is true of a church-going Protestant, and of a devout Jew.

"The indictment is not so much against the Church as it is against the men who have cut themselves off from the influence of their church. Most men in prison are there not because of the religious influence of their faith, but in spite of it.

"It is not the Church that has failed, but the man."

Working for a Lynchless Year

"A LYNCHLESS SOUTH IN 1933" is the goal set by Southern women.

Only six lynchings had occurred in the United States in 1932 up to the time of the announcement by the central council of the Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching. A few days later the lynching of a young Negro, charged with insulting some girls, was reported in a small Louisiana town. This unfortunate addition made a total of seven such mob murders for the country at large during 1932, five of them for the South.

The total 1932 record is low, however, and the Association is encouraged to believe that it may succeed in achieving its goal for this year. More than 7,000 women are enrolled as signed supporters of the program, according to Mrs. Jessie Daniel Ames of Atlanta, executive director of the Association, and 1,300 towns and 575 counties are represented. The movement is endorsed by such organizations as the Council of Southern Methodist Women, the Southern Baptist Missionary Union, the National Council of Jewish Women, the Y. W. C. A., the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and other similarly influential bodies.

The total number of recorded victims of lynching in the fifty years for which records have been compiled is 4,780, and for forty years the average was more than 100 a year, it is stated.

In Mississippi, which has a Negro population larger than that of any other State, and has led all the rest in the number of recorded lynchings, the Association was particularly active in promoting its preventive program, and that State has had no lynchings for more than a year.

"If Mississippi can have a lynchless year, a lynchless South is a possible and reasonable goal," say members of the Association Council as they begin an aggressive campaign this year.

The historic defense of lynching has been that it was to protect the fair name and honor of womanhood. In the years immediately following the War Between the States that defense had a large claim in fact. In later years, however, many Negroes have been done to death who had not committed a crime against womanhood. In any event, leading Southern women have denounced the chivalric excuse for lynching. "These women," says the Boston *Globe*, speaking of the members of the anti-lynching Association, "deserve the hearty support of enlightened public opinion everywhere. They are doing for the honor of their States a work which will one day be recognized as heroic."

"So far as public opinion can operate as a deterrent of the mob spirit," says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, speaking of the failure of peace officers to prevent a certain lynching, "it has fairly accomplished that purpose. Few lynchings have been recorded in recent years that couldn't have been prevented by official zeal. Public opinion must be directed to making political office-holders perform their duties."

"May next year's record be perfect," prays the Houston *Post*, in an editorial appearing shortly before the books for 1932 were closed.

Turning back the pages, we find that thirteen lynchings were recorded in 1931, twenty-one in 1930, ten in 1929, eleven in 1928, and sixteen in 1927. Ten of the persons lynched in 1931 were in the hands of the law. Seven were taken from jails, one from a hospital, and two had been released on bail.

Officers of the law prevented fifty-seven attempts at lynching. Seven of these instances were in Northern and Western States, and fifty in Southern States. In forty-five of the instances the prisoners were removed or other precautions taken. In the twelve other instances armed force was used to repel the would-be lynchers. A total of eighty-eight persons, eighteen whites, sixteen men and two women, and seventy Negro men were thus saved from death at the hands of mobs.

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On Girls Learning to Drink

"LEARN TO CARRY YOUR LIQUOR like a gentleman," said the Colonel, peering over the rim of his glass at the youngsters who stood admiring his capacity.

"If you can't walk a crack in the floor, then you've had too much."

The old fellow drained his glass, wiped his mustache, and showed how it was done.

Of course that was some years ago, when juleps and eggnog were lawful. But girls were not usually included in the lesson.

But new times, new customs. To-day, women, too, must learn to walk the crack—like a lady.

The average girl of to-day, says Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, "faces the problem of learning, very young, how much she can drink of such things as whisky and gin, and sticking to the proper quantity." Mrs. Roosevelt was making a nation-wide address over the radio.

Some of the listeners admire her courage; others are shocked.

As Mrs. Roosevelt is quoted in the New York *Times*, she says that one of the things that had been hoped for in Prohibition was protection for the weak, but that "conditions brought about by Prohibition" require more strength of character than any conditions that she can remember in her youth.

The speech evoked simultaneously the "shocked protest" of a group of leaders of various organizations in Topeka, Kansas, and the "keen disappointment" of the Cuyahoga County (Ohio) W. C. T. U., and congratulations from the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform.

"You have undoubtedly learned in the training of your children and your experience as an educator," writes Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, national chairman of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, to Mrs. Roosevelt, "what we have learned, that temperance can only be achieved through the influence of the Church, the home, and the school, by example and education."

The Girl of To-day

Says Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, "faces the problem of learning, very young, how much she can drink of such things as whisky and gin and sticking to the proper quantity." And the argument started.

MRS. SABIN continues that she is "one who believes that eventually that group of women who earnestly believe in national Prohibition, and the group who have always doubted its success must cooperate in the post-Prohibition era if we are to restore to our country good government, social betterment, and temperance."

Fifty women, members of many of the leading women's organizations of Topeka, Kansas, instructed a committee to inform the wife of the President-elect that her address put "a severe strain" on the loyalty of countless American women." The committee informs Mrs. Roosevelt: "Lest your astonishing statement should pass unquestioned in America and Europe as representing the opinion of American womanhood, we wish in the name of hundreds of thousands of women of all political parties to register a shocked protest."

They add that "to advocate that an open door to the use of intoxicants may be safely entered by a judicious knowledge of the amount a young girl may imbibe with impunity, is the most astonishing statement yet made by a woman whose husband has been elected to the highest office in the gift of the people," and that "the plea for this education is necessary among girls of our country in order that they may escape being classed as 'prigs' is an insult to the American girl."

Hastening to the defense of the next First Lady of the Land, the Nashville *Tennessean* says that Mrs. Roosevelt, "who is a sociologist instead of a reformer, but who would like to see Prohibition enforced, was merely speaking for herself." She was not speaking for her distinguished husband or for "a number of thousands of women." As an individual, maintains *The Tennessean*, Mrs. Roosevelt "was well within her rights. The Topeka women make the mistake of assuming that they speak for 'hundreds of thousands of women,' yet they speak without that right." The country, continues *The Tennessean*, "needs more individuals with the courage to speak for themselves and fewer who are willing to assume to speak for thousands," and it maintains:

"The fact that the Topeka women's statement does not give quite the same impression of what Mrs. Roosevelt said that some others who read her remarks obtained does not strengthen their argument.

"Mrs. Roosevelt was actually deploring the fact that Prohibition has not prevented the condition of which she spoke. She is one of those who would like to see Prohibition a reality, but who realize and admit that it has not been a reality. She is entitled to her convictions. It is unfair to say that she has insulted American girlhood. She is, in fact, one of girls' best friends.

"And even those who hold beliefs concerning Prohibition which are not in accord with her views must be as courageous as she is, and treat her with fairness while speaking for themselves."

BUT William Allen White shakes his head and recalls the time when the rural schools "burst with charts showing the evil effects of alcohol on the liver, and tracing the windings of the primrose path which leads to the drunkard's grave." Now, he continues in his Emporia *Gazette*, "we must teach the young ideas how to walk straight, as well as shoot." But he wonders whether a fourteen-year-old Kansas girl can hold "as many glasses of ale as a New York sub-deb, and still walk a crack without wobbling."

But one who claims to speak for her says that the average girl has neither the time, money, nor inclination to get drunk. "If it is true some young women are drinking," says Edith Newby in a letter to the New York *Times*, "I believe these come from homes where there has always been more money and leisure than is good for any young person."

Very few of America's young girls are débutantes, she says, and suggests that they should have to work for a living—"it's a splendid character builder."

If liquor is as expensive as it is said to be, asks Miss Newby, who now lives in Wood Ridge, New Jersey, "how much could a girl earning $18 a week buy after room, board, and dentists' bills are paid, and the needed clothes bought?" She recites:

"I lived in New York City on just this income up until a few years ago. Many of the girls in the same Y. W. were making less, and salaries are still lower to-day. There was no liquor problem among the three or four hundred girls in that building. Is it possible we were freaks?

"Now, much loose talk regarding the dissipation of our young is being circulated by women leaders (so-called), who admit that in their youth they were not expected to do anything but a little 'genteel charity work.' They possess a good deal of self-righteousness to criticize a class of young women with whom they do not associate.

"My advice to them is to continue the charity work, while our young girls face the problem, not, as Mrs. Roosevelt says, 'of learning very young,' but of earning very young."

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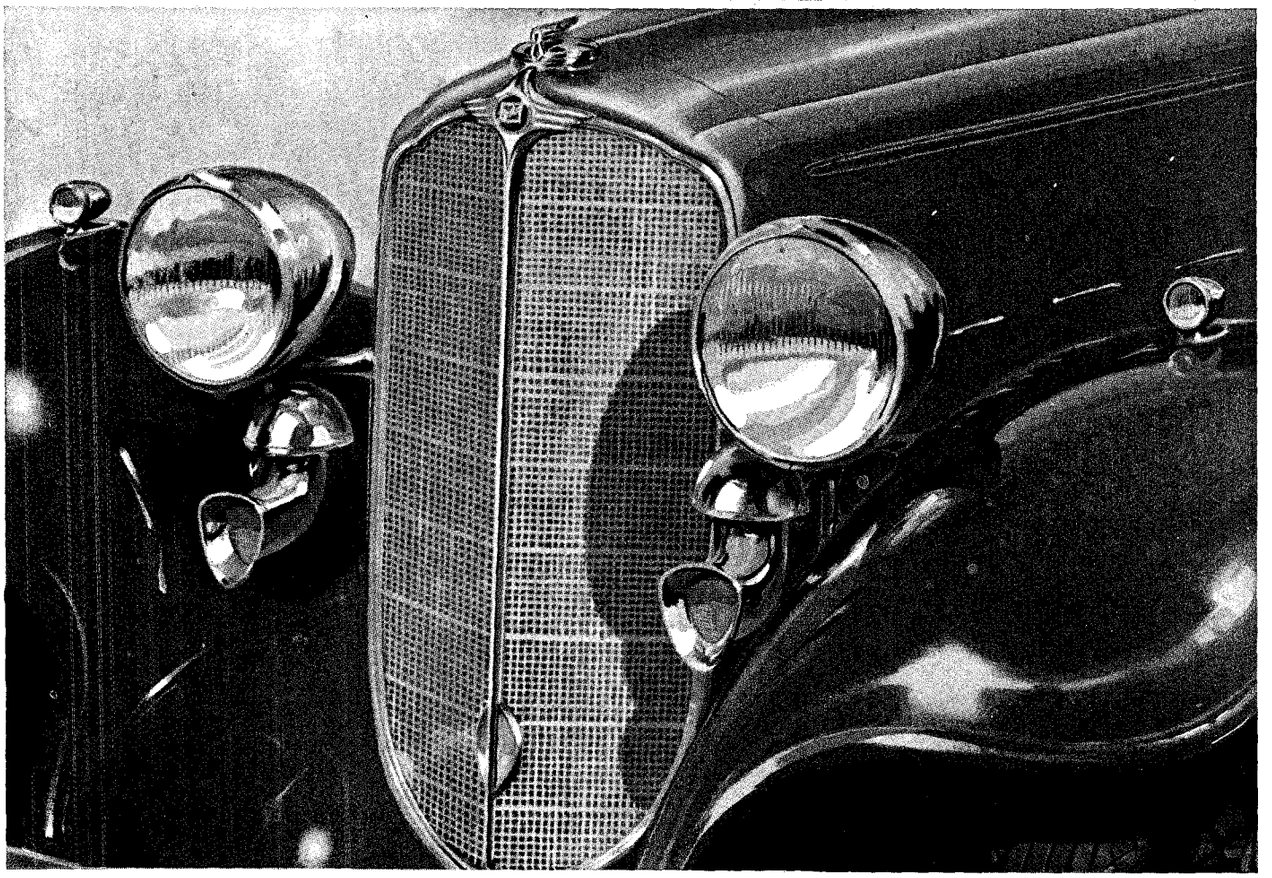
THE *New Buick* IS BEAUTIFUL



The moment you see the new Buick for 1933 you will agree that it is a beautiful motor car. The new Buicks are larger. They are longer—lower—more impressive in size and proportions—than any previous Buick. And the bodies by Fisher, of Wind-Stream design, have lines that sweep and blend to form a pleasing appearance from every angle.

From the front, there is true harmony and richness in the combination of the V-type radiator with its concealing grille—wide, deep fenders—lamps—and tapering bumpers. From the side, you will see long, sweeping lines—low-hung body with doors extending to the running boards—a sloping windshield—and handsome fenders with valances. At the rear, you will observe a one-piece back panel with graceful curves and sweeping lines, completely concealing the chassis, and giving the rear of the car the same degree of individuality as the front.

You will find this same beauty—richness—and attention to detail in the interiors of the new Buicks as well. The upholstery is of custom quality—furnished in broadcloth, whipcord and mohair—in colors to harmonize with the exteriors. All fitments and appointments have been selected with an eye to taste and charm.

The new Buick for 1933 is beautiful; and it is also the most capable and comfortable Buick ever built. It brings you the advantages of the Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine cushioned in rubber . . . a rigid, durable X-type frame . . . Inertia-Type Automatic Shock Absorbers . . . and Fisher No-Draft Ventilation (Individually-Controlled).

Your Buick dealer invites you to see and drive these new Buicks for 1933. There are twenty body-types, attractively priced, on liberal G. M. A. C. terms. All are fine, economical motor car investments.

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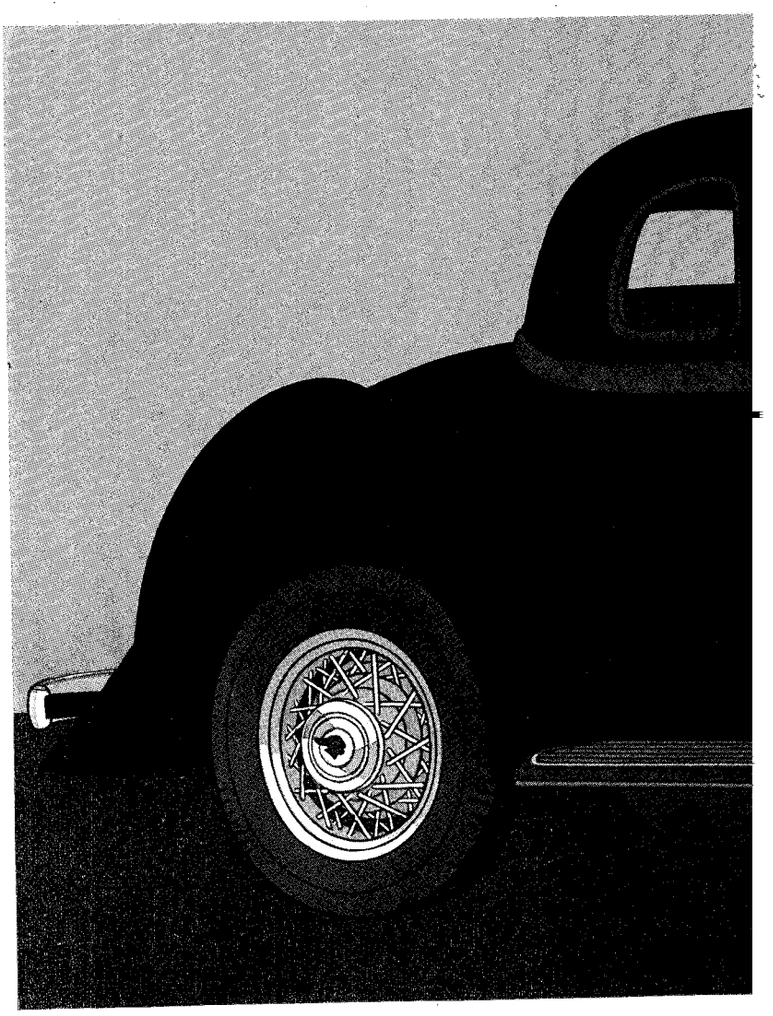
Whatever you've paid for cars before—this year, drive the Pontiac before you buy—It's the big Straight 8 in the low price field. The car you'll like to drive, be proud to own and it is easy to buy and run.



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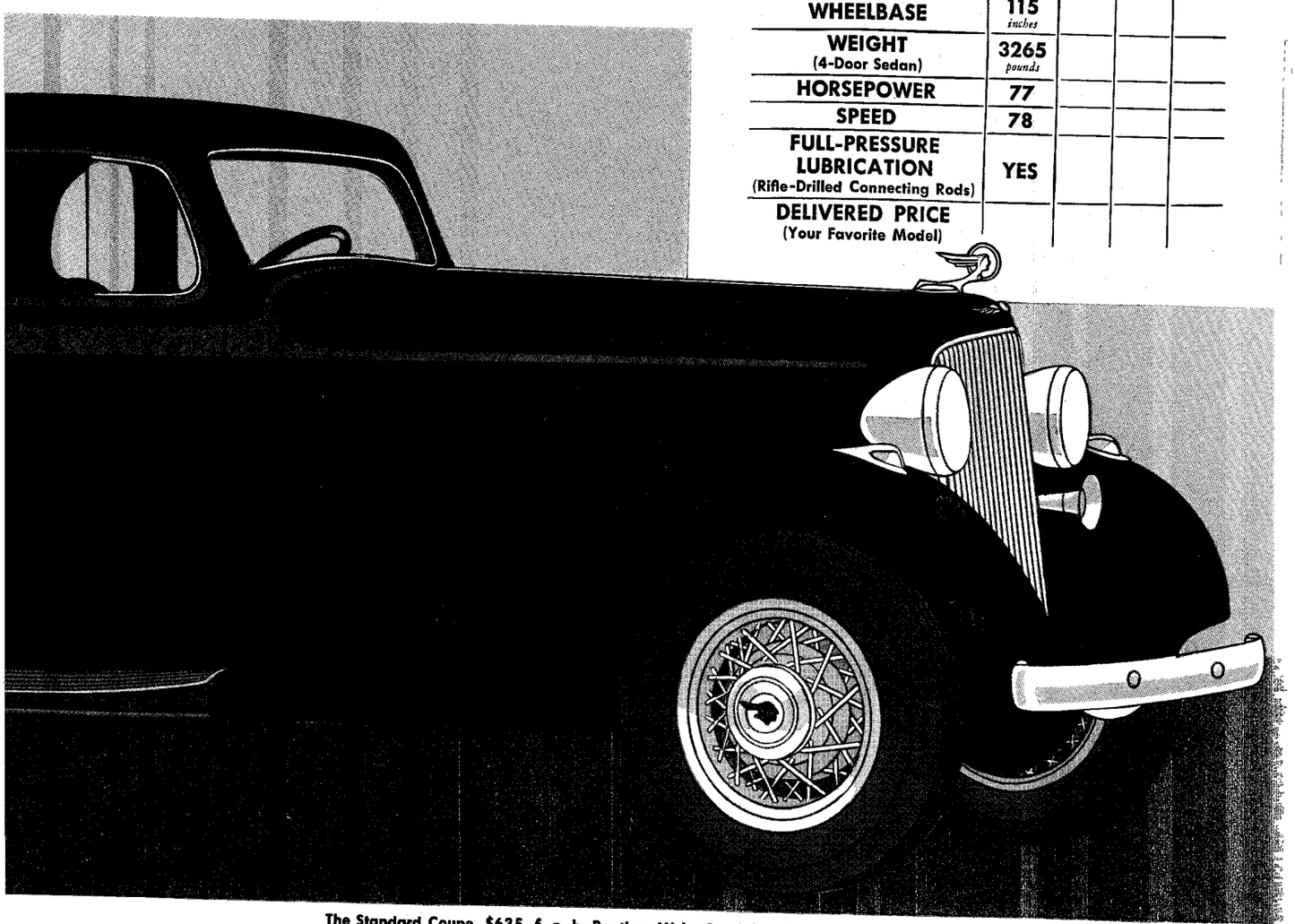

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

SEVERAL poems in praise of President Hoover have come our way, and may be read gratefully after the passions of political turmoil. The first is from the Oakland *Tribune:*

THE PRESIDENT

(November 8, 1932)

BY VENORA BOYD DUNCAN

Now is the tumult stilled, gone are the crowds
And he who spent himself on their behalf,
His work derided and his pleas denied,
Rests, for a little space his wearied soul.

As in the days, when blood of innocents
Was mercilessly shed, and he to them
Was the Humanitarian of the War,
So in the murk of world despair to-day,
He sought a path. He sowed with care the seed
Whose ripening another now will reap!
Because, beyond the mists he knew the dawn
Was imminent, therefore in spite of jibe,
And ugly charge and vitriolic scorn,
(The luckless scapegoat for a people's woes)
Unflinching, to his charted course, he held.

The morning comes, and with it, once again
The need to carry on. Calm and refreshed,
He goes to finish his appointed work,
Extend a guiding hand, and then at last
Lay down the burden of a thankless task.

FROM the West we turn to the East, and cite this from the Boston *Transcript:*

HERBERT HOOVER

BY ERNEST BENSHIMOL

Great soul, if there be sorrow in your face,
Remember,
The meed unto the swiftest in the race
Is but the laurel, nothing more.

And you have won that wreath since, long ago,
You fed the faint and lifted from the snow
The faltering, the destitute, the dull;
Since through the madness of despair you bore
The white and scarlet banner of the merciful.

Great soul, if there be anguish in your breast,
Remember,
The greatest human recompense is rest
And quiet solitude and love.

These shall be yours, for when the Eagle flings
The dust of darkness from his mighty wings,
Then will you stand in all your strength revealed,
Stanch in the press of men and yet above
Them all—the cross of Heaven blazoned on your shield.

IF thoughts like the following had come from a convict he must at least be unusual. In *Westward* (San Francisco:

PRISONER'S SONG

BY ROBERTA K. HALL

Imprisoned, yes! But not in prison, ever,
While violets grow along a Norman lane;
The cheap device of lock and bolt can never
Prevail against a springtime come again.
Shut out of life, yet deeper drenched in living
In all remembered beauty safety free,
What is restraint when unleashed thought is giving
Color to form, tides to a splendid sea?

So long as bells in morning towers ring,
While yellow jasmine blossoms in Cathay,
While wild-birds deep within their forests sing,
And fire-tipped waves surge o'er a tropic bay.

So long as there is gold in Samarkand,
Men's souls may not be captured by man's hand!

THE new Lindbergh baby wins a pretty tribute in the Worcester *Evening Post:*

LULLABY

To "Brother Eaglet"

BY KATHERINE J. CRONIN

Sleep, baby eaglet, the wide world is singing
Lullaby tunes to bring sweet dreams and rest;
Hush, little brother, the whole world is bringing
Tribute of love to a once lonely nest.

Rest, tiny fledgling while angel wings hover,
Unseen by mortals made blind by their light;
Fear not night shadows, the world is your Lover—
Whispering so softly—"God bless you, good-night."

YOUTH mislikes didacticism, so youth may pass this by. In *Voices* (New York):

FABLE FOR YOUTH

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

The tavern in the mountain's pass
Had stopped their youthful climb.
They talked of glacier and crevasse
They'd conquer in good time.
Splendid this wine! Ambition's spur
They dulled awhile in play.
Came then an older traveler,
Descending the sheer way.
Folly that he a peak had sought
That youth alone might win!
They did not see his feet had brought
Stardust into the inn.

THIS seems like an indictment of current fiction; something for writers to ponder. In *Harper's Magazine* (New York):

IN A LIBRARY

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

Sometimes when I have read a sordid tale
Of our own times: some story writ to show
How vile is humankind, how lecherous, low,
How worse than any vermin—past the pale
Of help or hope . . . all this in bleak detail,
Page after page, I close the book and go
In thought over the names of men I know:
All kinds of men, both in and out of jail.
No vermin these, not one of them. Instead,
Struggling creatures like myself I find.
Some are maimed, it may be; some are weak;
Some dwarfed and twisted by the bitter wind
Of adverse fate; but those of whom I've read
I never find, no matter where I seek.

IS this solace for the motorless—or perhaps just a touch of envy? In *The New English Weekly* (London):

TO A WEALTHY YOUNG MAN

BY HERBERT BLUEN

Oh you who have three motor-cars,
And wander glibly down life's road,
Without the time to watch the stars,
Without a mind to bear a load—
If on my verse you rest your eyes
With dull, uncomprehending gaze,
And puzzled, murmur in surprise—
"The man's a fool to waste his days."—

Know that I scorn you and your power
Of wealth, so enviously extolled,
Who find no rapture in a flower,
Who fancy love is bought with gold.
My pride is greater far—the free
And fragrant joy the woods impart,
The winds that wander to the sea,
The secret singing in my heart.

THIS is for those who take to the road. In *Poetry World* (Philadelphia):

ROADWAYS

BY MARGARET LATHROP LAW

Roadways are silver filigree
The wandering soul delights to see
Crocheted through space like gossamer bands
Which link his dreams to faraway lands.
From crested peak to far lagoon
They decorate earth in a gay festoon.
By motor, by foot, or uncharted main,
In a limousine or a cindery train,
The lure of the road is ever fresh—
Adventure and glamour weave its mesh.

THE sentiment of the deserted house is a frequently recurring theme. Sentiment here is implied, not exprest. In *Voices* (New York):

LATE RETURNING

BY ANNE HAMILTON

Wind-behind-the-sunset,
Desperate with chill,
Race the darkening sky-line,
Stumble up the hill;

Scrape a twiggy finger
Down the slatted blind,
No one stayed to hear you,
No one that will mind!

Burst the flimsy latches,
Shoulder through the door
Till spider-carpets billow
Across the troubled floor;

Down the littered hallways
Search and shriek and run
To scoop the saffron papers
And heap them one on one. . . .

Whirl your dusty asking
Up into the eaves—
The crackle there that urged you
Was only crisping leaves. . . .

Wind-behind-the-sunset,
Whimpering at dawn,
Never hunt for firelight
Once it's gone!

THE MacDowell anniversary celebrations have but just passed, and this in the Boston *Transcript* is a fitting aftermath:

MACDOWELL

(Peterborough, 1932)

BY LAURA SIMMONS

And though to us shall be his pine, his star,
And all this scented peace wherein his soul
Found food and solace for its hungering—
What of his radiant dream? the flame of him
That was not his to give to mortal kind?
The vision luminous, that beckoned, lured
With glamour of eternal loveliness
Till he obeyed; penned his last shining strain—
Still with that mystic, childlike wonderment—
And all-forsaking, followed from our sight?
What music from the ageless spheres at last
Drew him unto his own?

Now we are left
Here in these fragrant firs that gave him home,
To fashion and to build as best we may;
Fumble, contrive all clumsily the clay
He moulded to such gracious symmetry.
Left to the long, long travail of the soul;
The endless ardors and the anguishings—
And all the tauntings of the unattained
At once the artist's joy and bitterness.

And yet, spell-stricken ones of earth, by these
We, too, belong! surely by such alone
God bends us dreamers to his purposes—
Weaves our poor best into his patternings,
And so hold fast the beauty of the world!

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Tests of Intoxication

LEGISLATORS SEEKING A DEFINITION of an intoxicating beverage will find that science can not give them one at present.

Drunkenness is a gradually developing condition. Common sense and experience must be used to determine practically what alcoholic beverages should be designated as intoxicating.

These are the opinions of Dr. W. H. Howell, chairman of the National Research Council, and formerly director of the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health. They are thus further developed in a Feature Series of Science Service (Washington):

"The subject has been investigated extensively in various scientific laboratories, but none of the results can be used to determine exactly a limit for the alcoholic content of an intoxicating beverage.

"This is because of the wide difference in the way different persons are affected by alcohol, the difference in the way they ordinarily consume the same amount, and the difference between taking alcohol under laboratory conditions and drinking it on social occasions.

"Prof. Walter R. Miles, of Yale University, and other investigators have measured the amount of alcohol in the blood, believing that this value gives a fairly accurate picture of the amount in the nervous system at the same time.

"When the concentration reaches one-hundredth of 1 per cent., the first effects of the alcohol may be observed in a 'clearing of the head, freer breathing through the nasal passages, and mild tingling of the mucous membrane of the mouth and throat.'

"At five-hundredths of 1 per cent., the average person becomes a probable danger to himself and others. It is at this stage that he feels that he can lick anybody in the county.

"When the concentration of alcohol in the blood reaches one-tenth of 1 per cent., he staggers noticeably, talks to himself, and otherwise presents all the signs of a person 'under the influence of liquor.'"

A PHARMACOLOGIST, Dr. Harold T. Hyman, assistant professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, has said that a moderate dose of alcohol may be from about two-thirds of an ounce to about an ounce and one-third. At that rate, from two to four glasses of 4 per cent. beer, we read, would be a moderate and presumably non-intoxicating dose. To quote again:

"Prof. John J. Abel of Johns Hopkins University stated in 1903 that a permissible amount would be a pint of beer or half a pint of light wine a day. 'According to laboratory experience,' states Dr. Francis G. Benedict of the Carnegie Institution Nutrition Laboratory, 'the equivalent of one to one and one-half ounces of pure alcohol may be taken at one time by the average man, even on an empty stomach, without obvious signs of incipient intoxication. This is quite irrespective of whether the man is used to alcohol or not.

"'To take into the stomach one and one-half ounces of pure alcohol in a diluted form, we find that it would require nearly two quarts. For the majority it would be physically impossible to hold enough liquid with a 2 per cent. content of alcohol to make a man a menace to society.'

"If the liquor were 4 per cent., only one quart need be consumed to reach the limit. Since one quart of beer or other beverage is quite as much as the average person would take at one time, 4 per cent. would thus seem to be a safe, scientific limit of alcohol concentration in a non-intoxicating beverage."

Of course, a man may be intoxicated in one sense and not in another. He may show no signs of intoxication in speech or gait, yet the coordination between mind and muscles may be so slowed as to make him unfit to drive a car.

A very strict definition of drunkenness is that of Dr. Howard A. Kelly of Johns Hopkins University, who holds that any person who takes any quantity of alcohol of any dilution is intoxicated, because alcohol is a toxic substance.

On the other hand, Dr. Raymond Pearl, director of the Institute for Biological Research, in the same university, agrees with the idea of drunkenness said to be used by the London police, as follows:

"'A man is drunk if he is so under the influence of alcohol as to be a nuisance or a danger to himself or others.'

"A man driving an automobile may be such a danger for from two to four hours after drinking even moderate amounts of alcohol, scientific tests have shown.

"Says Dr. Francis G. Benedict of the Carnegie Institution Nutrition Laboratory, 'from two to four hours after very moderate doses of alcohol, practically all individuals are affected with general depression of neuro-muscular processes, lessened visual acuity, and lessened eye-hand coordinations.' According to Dr. Benedict, 'inflexible science' says to the modern automobile driver, 'Moderate user, keep off!' (meaning keep off the roads) for at least four hours after a dose of alcohol formerly considered 'permissible.'

Alas, Poor Sindbad!

—Elderman in the Washington "Post."

"However, one set of scientific experiments showed that after a man was accustomed to alcohol, his efficiency was increased rather than decreased immediately after taking a drink. This was true of his performance in various tests demanding a high degree of coordination between nerves and muscles.

"One eminent biochemist with a scientist's knowledge of alcohol's effect on the body and with a liking for a sociable drink never takes one if he is going to drive his car. Neither will he allow his son to drive if he has been drinking."

THE best means of defining intoxication, according to one group of scientists, is by determining the amount of alcohol in the brain, but, unfortunately, this does not help solve the problem of when a beverage is intoxicating, for such a test could only be made after death.

Prof. A. O. Gettler of New York University and A. Tiber found that when the brain contained from 0.25 to 0.4 per cent. alcohol, the individual lost his sense of equilibrium and could be considered intoxicated. This finding resulted from a five-year study of over 6,000 human brains, a careful analysis of the histories of these cases, and extended experimental work on dogs.

"The degree to which any person is affected does not depend

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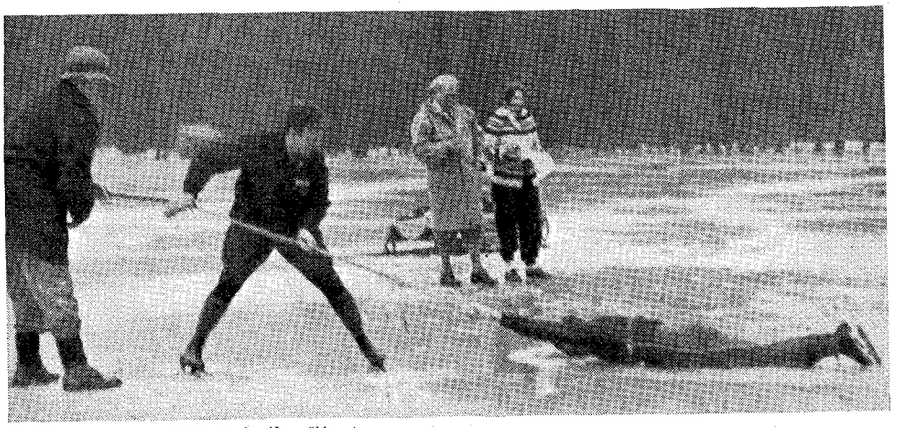
on the amount of alcohol consumed but on the amount present in the brain at the time, the study showed.

"Other investigators, as already noted, have used the amount of alcohol in the blood as a test of intoxication. From 0.6 to 0.7 per cent. or less may prove fatal, and more than this almost invariably does.

"A man who is dead-drunk is not very far from real death."

When the Ice Breaks

LACK OF AUTHENTIC INFORMATION on ice conditions as related to rescue methods caused four national organizations to conduct a series of experiments in February and March, 1932.



Illustrations by courtesy of *National Safety News* (Chicago)

Pole and Rope Used to Make a Rescue

Among the methods tried were rescues by groups, one-person rescues, and self-rescues.

The conclusions in this article, quoted from *National Safety News* (Chicago,) represent the opinions of the committee:

"The human-chain method of rescue is the recommended way for a group rescue, provided equipment is not available.

"The rescue is executed with No. 1 sliding out on his stomach and grasping the wrists of the victim, who is pulled up on the ice. No. 2 slides out and grasps the skate of No. 1 with one hand, using his free hand to help progress. No. 3 kneels, grasping one skate of No. 2. No. 4 stands and acts as an anchor, bracing skates and working backward, taking up the gain as the chain moves backward. On command given by No. 1 the 'pulls' are executed.

"A plank or ladder pushed out over the thin ice within reach of the victim at the edge of the hole will usually enable him to climb out if he is not too numb or weak through prolonged immersion.

"If the victim can not lift himself out, but can hold on, it may be used to pull him out, providing the rescuer is wearing skates or has some other means of bracing his feet on the smooth surface of the ice."

IF a rope is used, the rescuer must be equipped with skates or creepers, or must be supported in some other way to enable him to pull out the victim, we are advised; otherwise he will only pull himself toward the hole:

"If the end of the rope is bunched and knotted to about the size of a person's fist, it will carry better and farther, especially in a wind. If the victim's grip is weak, it will not slip through his hands.

"A billet of wood or a piece of short, stubby branch tied into the end of the line will serve the same purpose.

"If the victim can not grasp the line at all, a noose thirty inches in diameter at the end will enable him to slip his head and one arm through. A completely helpless victim can best be secured by some one deliberately going out for him with a rope fastened under the rescuer's armpits and held by assistants on the shore or on skates.

"If the victim can hold the end of a pole, he may be drawn out, provided the rescuer is braced for the pull, with skates or creepers, or aided by several people holding hands and extending back to some point of support.

"Rescue with a ring buoy is one of the best methods. It is executed the same as the rope rescue. The weight of the buoy makes it possible to direct it more accurately to the person in the water."

SELF-RESCUE is entirely possible in a majority of cases, but is often defeated by unreasoning panic on the part of the victim.

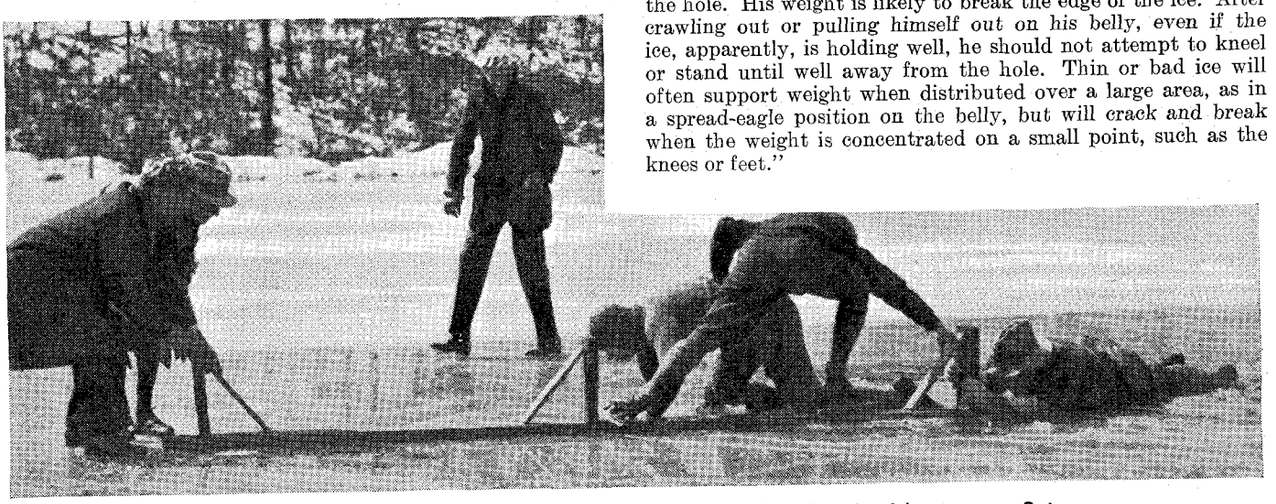
Upon immersion the victim should extend both arms on the surface of the ice to support the body while calling for help. The victim's legs naturally tend to come up forward under the ice. This should be prevented by executing a crawl kick. To quote further:

"The weight of the lower part of the body will be supported by the water instead of the ice, thus enabling the victim to get support from ice otherwise too thin to hold him up.

"For self-rescue, the victim should assume the planing position and try to crawl forward flat on his belly until his hips are at the edge of the ice, then quickly swerve sideways, and with arms extended above the head roll quickly away from the possibly breaking edge of the ice.

"Advance preparations for self-rescue in event of accident may be taken by carrying a carpenter's spike in the pocket or a knife with a large hinged marline-spike on the back of it. This will give a strong purchase for pulling out. The screw-driver or similar article from the tool kit of your automobile will serve the purpose.

"The victim should not attempt to climb straight up out of the hole. His weight is likely to break the edge of the ice. After crawling out or pulling himself out on his belly, even if the ice, apparently, is holding well, he should not attempt to kneel or stand until well away from the hole. Thin or bad ice will often support weight when distributed over a large area, as in a spread-eagle position on the belly, but will crack and break when the weight is concentrated on a small point, such as the knees or feet."



Grab the Bench and Shove It Out Over the Thin Ice for the Victims to Seize

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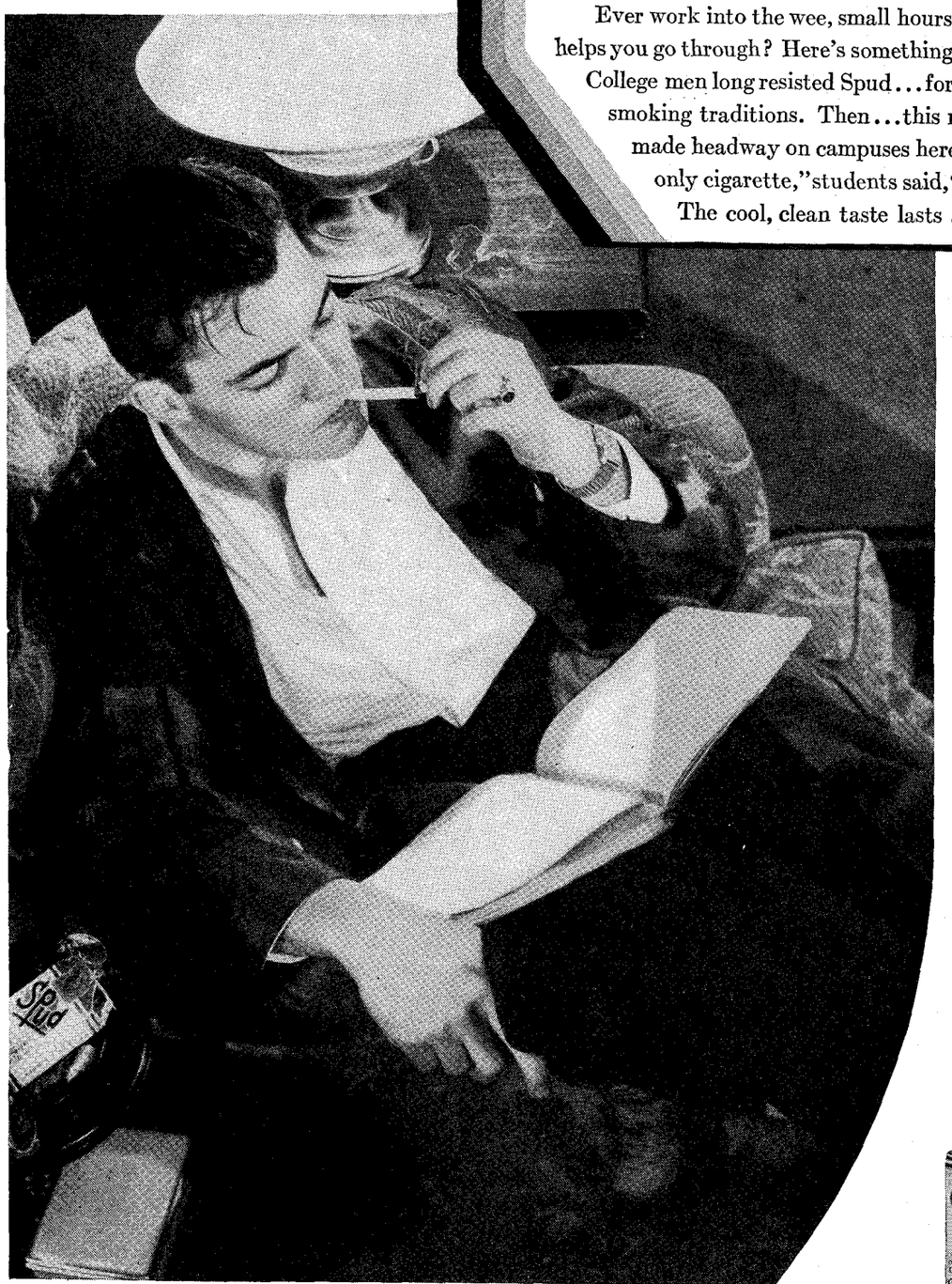
How do you stand all-night sessions?

Ever work into the wee, small hours? Find that smoking helps you go through? Here's something you ought to know: College men long resisted Spud... for Spud is a break from smoking traditions. Then... this new kind of cigarette made headway on campuses here and there. "It's the only cigarette," students said, "for all-night crams." The cool, clean taste lasts all the way through.



WHY NOT MAJOR IN SPUDS?.. Been leaning on Spuds in the stiff smoking tests? And coming through mouth-happy? Why not *major* in Spuds—as so many others are doing—and smoke them *always!* Full, fragrant tobacco flavor and that cool, clean taste . . . mouth-happiness! The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES · 20 FOR 20c

(25c IN CANADA)

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Dolly's Dark Past

DOLLS, NOW TOYS FOR LITTLE GIRLS to play with, were once objects of fear or hate.

They figured in the dark rites of black magic and gave their fortunate owners power over their enemies.

They were especially cherished by women, who thus obtained the "whip-hand" over their husbands. The husbands disliked and feared them, which may explain why boys to-day do not care for dolls as much as their sisters.

Says the author of an article on "Why Girls Love Dolls and Boys Hate 'Em," contributed to *The American Weekly* (New York):

"Prof. Max von Boehn, a distinguished German scholar, explains that the doll is really the descendant of terrifying creatures.

Courtesy of *The American Weekly*

They Foretell Squalls and Floods

Dolls made with hair of seaweed, shells, and other marine growths; the man with a nose of a lobster claw, used in certain parts of Europe to foretell storms and unusually high tides.

They were first used by women thousands of years ago to frighten their men into subjection.

"For a long time men went in awe of these little figures, and the distrust and dislike were handed down from father to son.

"Long after the cave age, dolls were used to terrify and to cast 'spells' upon rivals, enemies, or unfortunate husbands whose wives had grown tired of them. After certain 'magical' ceremonies, it was thought that whatever was then done to the dolls would be felt by the man or woman it resembled. Sometimes the doll was placed before a fire and allowed slowly to melt. As it melted the 'bewitched' person would die of fever.

"All the way from the cave age down through Babylon, ancient Greece and Rome and Europe of the Middle Ages the trail of these 'magical' dolls has been followed.

"Professor von Boehn begins by tracing the modern doll back to its first crude start, when the cave man or woman picked up a stone or piece of wood or a root which accidentally resembled the shape of man or animal, and carefully preserved it. The next step was to take a sharp flint and by some slight change increase the likeness. That was the dawn of sculpture."

How man's life could be complicated with superstition about talismans, idols, fetishes, and other ancestors of dolls, the author explains as follows:

"The whole of nature is regarded by children and savages as animated. Primitive man feels himself always and everywhere subject to unknown powers which encircle him at every step. So the image which he himself had created was regarded by him not as a dead object.

"During the later stone age, manufacturing these idols, which every family needed to keep off evils of all sorts, became an industry. These figures were all nude and almost invariably feminine.

"The archeologist finds no end of doll-sized idols made from all sorts of materials from stone to terra-cotta, tin, bronze. Some were cut out of sheet-tin and look much like modern tin soldiers.

"In early Asia and Egypt the tombs of the mighty were filled with quite a population of doll figures, which acted as substitutes for wholesale human sacrifices of a still earlier period.

"Modern savage races have the ancient universal fear of dead ancestors coming back to plague them. Throughout Africa and the South Seas some of the highest forms of native art are to be found in the doll-like ancestor images.

"Before the pagan civilization was destroyed, dolls had already been made and sold entirely as playthings, and yet it was the custom for a bride to sacrifice her dolls to Diana just before the wedding.

"The Chinese doctors, until recently, used a doll to diagnose their women patients' ills. The lady did not see the doctor, but spoke to him through curtains. She would thrust her hand through this curtain and indicate on the doll where her pain was. Dolls were also used in Europe by fishermen to prognosticate the results of their fishing trips. These dolls were made of seaweed, shells, lobster-claws, and other marine objects.

"Von Boehn, after pointing out that dolls are still carried as fetishes against accidents in airplanes and automobiles, says:

"'Psychologists and criminologists speak of "doll fetishism" as a special form of mental disorder. "The love of dolls," says Fere, "can intrude so far as to eliminate entirely any affection for a living issue." Vinchon knew a hysterical French woman who was so passionately devoted to dolls that she stole silk in order to clothe them smartly. They assumed for her the position of an idol.'"

Fish Don't Show Their Age

DO fish die of old age?

No one knows the answer to that question, altho it is logical to answer "yes."

But no observation of old age in fish has ever been recorded, says *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). We are told—

"Some members of the carp family have lived in captivity more than a hundred years without showing signs of senile decay, as do land animals, which experience deterioration of arteries, muscles and various other organs.

"Of course fish die 'natural' deaths from disease, parasites and larger fish and run the constant risk of being stranded or dashed to death on rocks and passing boats or ships. Life in the depths is perilous, so perhaps no fish is able to live out whatever its span of life should be.

"Whether fish sleep is another question that science never has been able to answer definitely. Fish often are seen motionless at the bottom of shallow streams and near the shore, but whether they are sleeping or remaining quiet, either in wait for prey or to escape the eyes of larger fish, has not been determined with any degree of finality. The probability is that fish do not sleep like land animals, because their eyes are lidless and therefore the creatures can not close them."

Bit Himself to Death

HE died of the bite of a policeman.

Worse still, he was the policeman who did the biting.

He was a Boston "cop" who bit his own tongue, got "septic poisoning," and died.

"He had previously been bitten by a cat and by a dog, and survived; but his own bite proved fatal," says *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.):

"Many years ago, Dr. Sternberg, later Surgeon-General, made the discovery that bacterial cultures made from human saliva killed guinea-pigs when injected with a hypodermic needle. Every person always carries in his mouth germs which, under favorable conditions, may develop destructive poisons, and by invading the blood and tissues may cause death by septicemia.

"But biting the tongue does not always cause death. Thousands of people are biting their tongues every day, and yet survive. The reason is, normal, healthy blood is able to defend the body against these mouth germs as well as germs from other sources. But sometimes this protective power is lost, and then the dangerous germs invade the body, multiply in the tissues, and produce their deadly effects.

"The more unclean the mouth, the greater the menace. When the tongue is foul and the breath is bad, the condition is the worst. Such conditions are a constant menace to health, and indicate the necessity for a change of intestinal flora."

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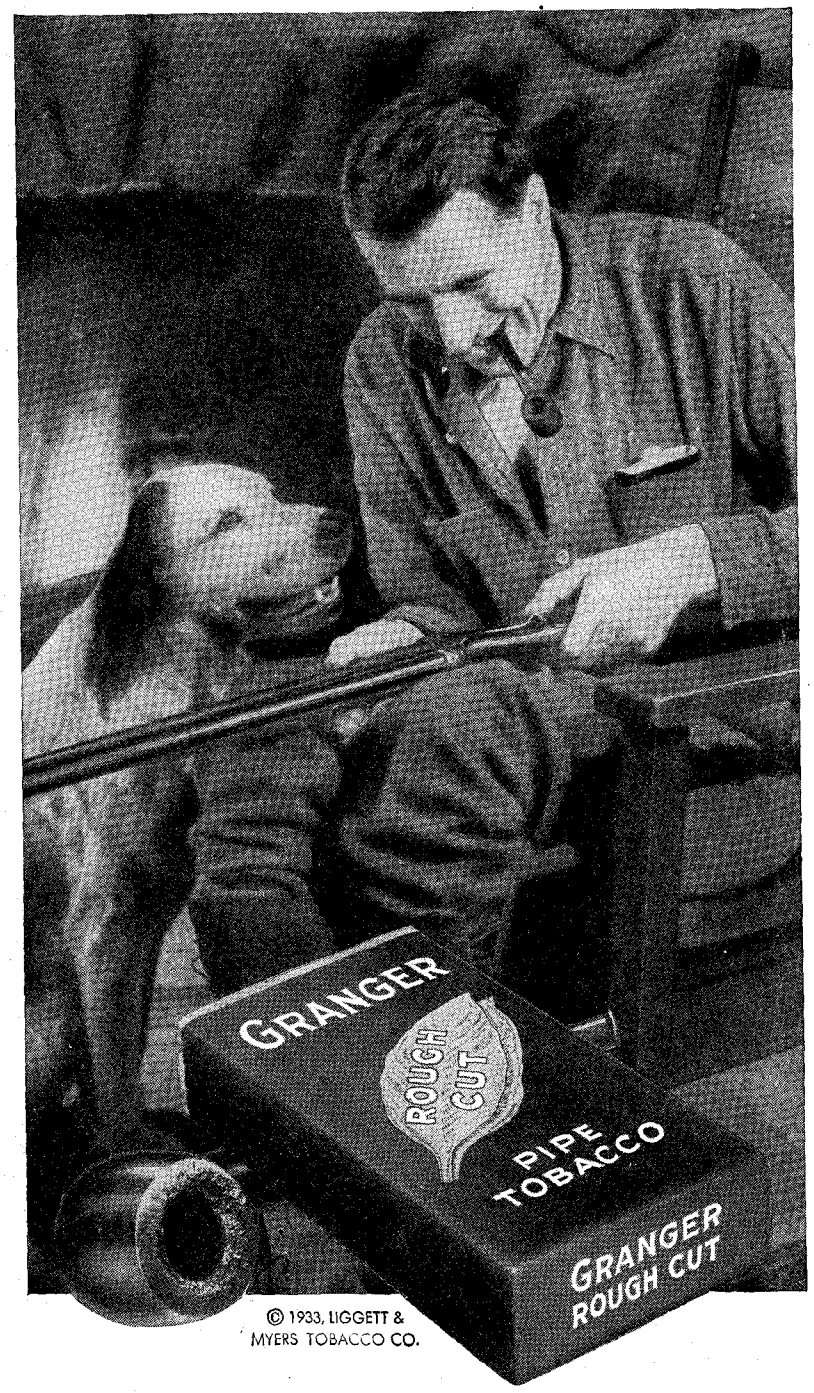
You smoke a pipe

and we'd like to talk with you about it

All races of people since the beginning of time, so far as we have been able to read, have had some kind of a pipe and have smoked something—whether they called it tobacco or what not.



AND since smoking a pipe is so different from smoking a cigar or cigarette, we made a most painstaking, scientific study in an effort to make, if we could, a tobacco which was suited to pipes.

We found out, first, that there was a kind of tobacco that grew in the Blue Grass section of Kentucky called White Burley, and that there was a certain kind of this tobacco which was between the tobacco used for cigarettes and the tobacco used for chewing tobacco. It is this tobacco which is best for pipes.

We found out that Mr. J. N. Wellman, many years ago, made a pipe tobacco which was very popular. But it was never advertised and after he passed away nothing more was heard about it. We acquired this Wellman Method and that is what we use in making Granger.

Next was the *cut*. We knew that fine tobacco burnt hot because it burnt so fast. You could hardly hold your pipe in your hand, it got so hot at times. So remembering how folks used to "whittle" their tobacco we cut GRANGER just like "whittle" tobacco—"Rough Cut." It smokes cooler, lasts longer and never gums the pipe.

So far, so good. Now we wanted to sell this tobacco for 10c. Good tobacco—right process—cut right. So we put Granger in a sensible soft foil pouch instead of an expensive package, knowing that a man can't smoke the package.

GRANGER has not been on sale very long, but it has become a popular smoke. And we have yet to know of a man who started to smoke it, who didn't keep on. Folks seem to like it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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See the Motor Industry Come Up Smiling

WHAT! NEW MODELS? New Inventions? New facilities for the driver, new luxuries for the passenger?

New, shiny cars, cozier, cleverer, and with a bit more swagger than any ever seen before?

Yes, all that—and more—goes into the automotive industry's answer to pessimism, its bid for better times, its far-flung counter-attack on the Hindenburg line of old General Depression.

Dr. Goodwin Claims the "Earliest Owner-Driver" Prize—But So Do Many Others!

Swing wide the doors, then, for the Thirty-third National Automobile Show, whose opening in New York coincides with the date of this issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

It promises to be, in certain vital respects, the most important Automobile Show in the history of the industry, according to thoughtful observers. And rumor adds that it may furnish surprizes calculated to knock the public in the eye.

New progress all along the line and new perfections at every turn!

NEW and better everything—including prices that are fitted to the pocket curves of 1933 as snugly as a smart gown to a figure gracefully slendered by dieting.

Giving this motor fiesta the once-over, the fair-minded observer will feel like taking off his hat to the automotive industry. Standing like a lighthouse, storm-lasht, but erect, amid the prostrated activities of the nation and the world, it sticks to its job and flashes its beams through the long night until dawn, more than vindicating its high renown as the signal-tower of prosperity.

No panic, no bewildered inaction for the men who strew the highways of the continents with stream-lined cars and mighty trucks. "Are we downhearted?" Not on your life! Business as usual! Trade may languish for a time, but the great come-back must be provided for. Research and experiment must carry on. Constructive work must carry on. Faith, optimism, and downright bulldog courage must carry on.

All of which will be visible to discerning eyes in the beautiful new models and other exhibits in this Automobile Show of 1933, which opens at 10 A. M. this Saturday, January 7, and closes at 10:30 P. M. on Saturday, January 14, after being open every day of the week except Sunday.

Later the Show will have runs in Chicago and other important cities throughout the country, furnishing entertainment and stimulating business, not only in automobiles but in a large number of other commodities, most of them dependent directly or indirectly on the automobile as the basis of their existence or at least as the strongest factor in their prosperity.

WHILE no information about specific features of the show is obtainable until after the doors are opened and the public flocks in, certain general tendencies may be forecast. Thus the New York *Herald Tribune* tells us that the cars for 1933 "will reveal numerous innovations," and that "the most striking features will be the general price list." Moreover:

With the many improvements which have been completed during the year, the manufacturers have taken great care not to add to the cost for the motoring public, and in most cases the sales prices are below those of 1932. To accomplish this objective the executive and engineering forces have devoted months of intensive research to many automotive subjects. The mechanical perfection and enduring qualities of next year's vehicle are the result.

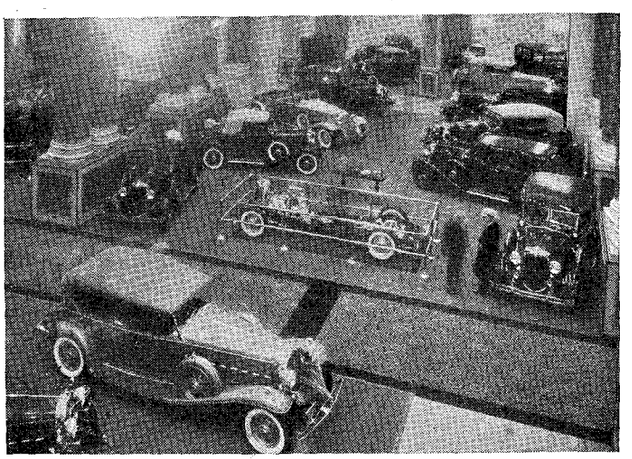
Body and chassis have been studied from virtually every angle to incorporate improvements. Not only has increased beauty of design been obtained, but the very lines which add grace to the vehicle have become decided factors in the better performance and longer life of the car. Wider and longer bodies, which are lower than heretofore, accentuate the attractive lines. In most cases the wheel-bases have been lengthened. All have emphasized stream-lining with its attendant benefit of reduced wind resistance. This latter improvement reduces the wear and tear on the car.

Activity will be one of the outstanding charms of the automobile exhibition. Various rules of former years have been modified to permit mechanical and moving apparatus for demonstrating purposes. Tests will be illustrated mechanically, while cut-out motors and chassis will be seen in operation.

EXTREMES in modern comforts such as interior heaters, scientifically adjusted ventilation, deep cushions, comfort-giving springs, easy steering and wider front and rear compartments to permit broader seats—such are some of the characteristics of the new models. Also, we are told:

Arrangements for adjusting seat cushions and backs are among the refinements contributing to driver and passenger ease.

The battle of colors should be mighty interesting. Black is leading blue at present, altho blue was the more popular finish last season. However, many of the 1933 offerings are to be seen in more sporty, more cheerful tones. Next to blue, there appears to be a preference for yellowish greens, while browns are returning to favor. Coffee-tan, gray, and maroon appear in favor in approximately the order named. Two-tone color combinations of exceptionally high luster, new molding stripes,



How a Corner of the Show May Be Expected to Look

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and advanced wheel-color treatment are expected.

Among the new accessories are many things which motorists may desire. There is a clever combination sun-glare shield and radio antenna. Externally the shield looks like any other, and it is mounted with a chromium-plated bracket, permitting any position, sidewise or forward. But inside the device there is concealed a complete antenna long enough to operate any of the popular automobile radio sets.

An unusual and probably welcome accessory takes the place of the ordinary drain plug in the bottom of the engine crankcase, and by means of an extension handle, brought out where it is easily reached, makes the job of draining the crankcase the work of but a moment. It can even be done with white kid gloves on.

THE great exposition is staged as usual under the auspices of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce and under the

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

He Runs the Show

Vice-President Alfred Reeves, of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

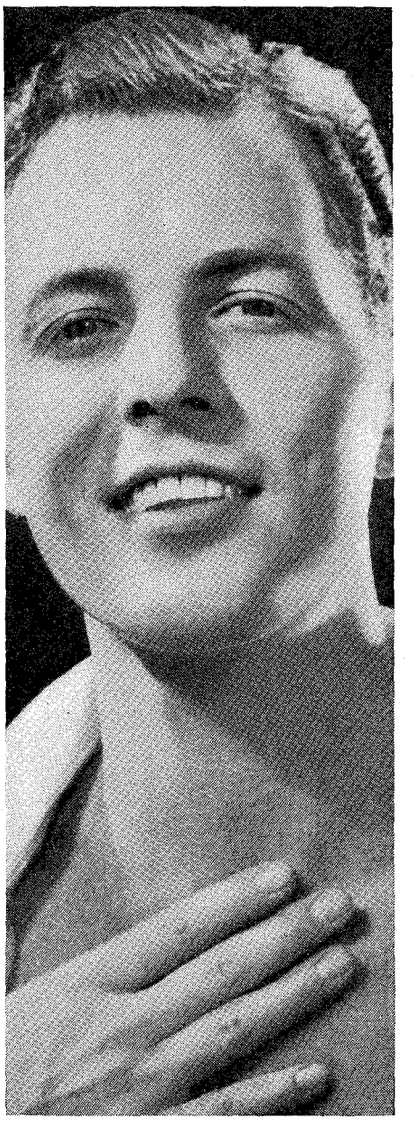
management of Alfred Reeves, vice-president of that body. According to a summary recently given out and widely quoted in the press, there have never been more novel things assembled on the four floors of the Grand Central Palace for any previous Automobile Show than for this one. In fact:

The year 1933 will be marked not only with innovations, but offerings which in practically every case mean a saving in upkeep cost to the motorist. Many of these are offered at a price lower than ever before.

With 60 per cent. of all the cars in use in America to-day known to be between three and ten years old (according to accurate statistics), it is obvious that the life of the modern car is gradually lengthening. This life may be estimated conservatively at an average of seven years. It is further estimated that the average car owner spends approximately $67 per annum for repairs and adjustments on his car. The amount is greater in the case of older cars, as a rule, and naturally smaller with cars that have been run less than a year. Comparison with average costs of a decade ago

DIRECT DOUBLE ACTION

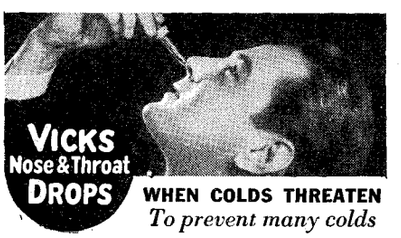
...That's what you need for a COLD!



When you have a cold, you want prompt relief. The best—and surest way to get it is with Vicks VapoRub, the modern, *external* treatment. And you can get VapoRub now in a new white, *Stainless* form...won't stain bedclothes or anything—linens or silks.

VapoRub brings *quicker relief* because of its famous *direct double-action.* Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, it does two things at once—and does them well. It acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, "drawing out" tightness and soreness. At the same time, it gives off healing, medicated vapors which are inhaled all night long *direct* to irritated air-passages.

Have FEWER *Colds Now*...LESS SEVERE *Colds*...LESS EXPENSE



WHEN COLDS THREATEN
To prevent many colds

IF A COLD DEVELOPS
To end it sooner

Vicks VapoRub is the foundation of the new Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds.

In clinical tests among thousands last winter—in schools, colleges and homes—Vicks Plan reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds *by half!*—cut the *costs* of colds *more than half!*

How you can follow Vicks Colds-Control Plan is fully explained in each package of Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds.

Follow VICKS PLAN For Better *CONTROL* OF COLDS

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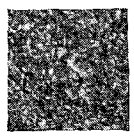
. . . Just Any Psyllium Seed WON'T DO

To restore normal regularity psyllium seed is highly effective. But analysis of many bargain-priced psyllium seeds that claim to be "triple-cleaned" proves they contain stones and dirt shown in the magnified photographs on the left.

STONES


DIRT

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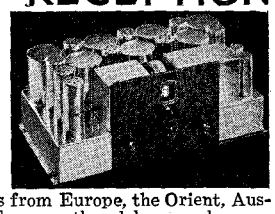

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reveals that to-day's car costs far less to maintain than those of the dim past.

Here we return to the show itself, and learn that—

Thirty-six makes of complete cars are exhibited. Of these, twenty-nine makes are passenger-cars, and seven are trucks. A number of body-makers will show their latest creations on modern chassis, and accessory manufacturers in many instances will reveal the harmonious adaptability of their products to the new models.

The list of cars to be exhibited is as follows: Auburn, Austin, Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Continental, De Soto, Dodge Brothers, Dubonnet, Essex, Franklin, Graham, Hudson, Hupmobile, La Salle, Lincoln, Marmon, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Pierce-Arrow, Plymouth, Pontiac, Reo, Rockne, Studebaker, Stutz, and Willys.

A BRIEF résumé of the features of each car, compiled with the aid of the manufacturers and accompanied with practical information for the aid of prospective buyers, will be printed in THE DIGEST next week.

Truck exhibitors, we are told, include Federal, Corbitt, Dodge, Chevrolet, Stewart, Stutz, and Willys. Also "a large number of accessory manufacturers will exhibit their products."

Turning to the always fascinating subject of car bodies, we are promised "numerous innovations." Thus:

The lines are accentuated by wider and longer bodies, which are lower than heretofore. In many cases, the wheelbase has been lengthened.

These bodies permit greater speed, being designed on the aero-dynamic principle of stream-lining. This permits the air to flow smoothly over the entire surface of the car, decreasing turbulent flow, which adds to wind resistance. But the development of the stream-lined body has not resulted in sameness of design. On the contrary, there will be a variety of beautiful and pleasing forms in the different price classes.

Front and rear compartments will be wider, and these permit of broader seats, affording more comfortable riding qualities. Arrangements for adjusting seat-cushions and backs are among the refinements contributing to driver and passenger comfort.

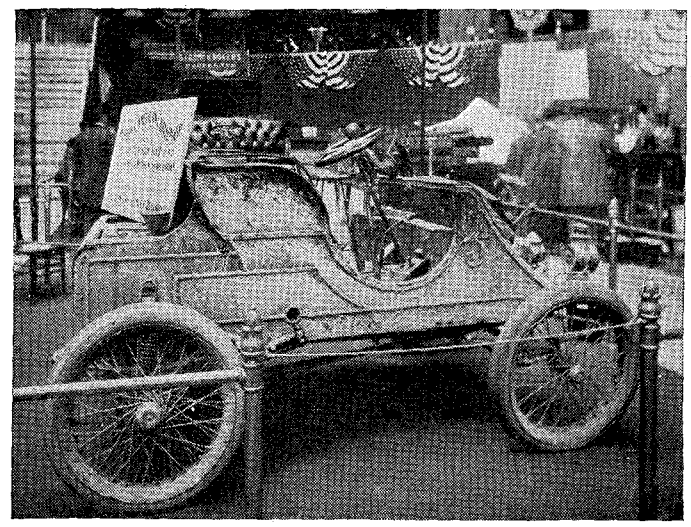
Driver seat control of the rear curtain to eliminate the glare of a following car at night will make its début.

And, then, we are told of "a new type of lubricant" which seems to have cosmetic affiliations, for it is "put up in exactly the same sort of container in which milady's lipstick comes." Whereof we read on:

This is intended for the lubrication of door latches. Being clean and stainless, it should be welcomed. For those unfortunate enough to get smudges on wearing apparel a new dry-cleaning fluid is to be offered, which is not only odorless, but even better, actually has been perfumed to leave a gentle, sweet fragrance after the work is done.

THE driver or owner who is interested in economy of operation—and who is not?—may be interested in "the new octane control, featured in a popular-priced car," of which we learn:

This ingenious device is said to permit more efficient operation on straight-run or low-grade fuel. It is claimed that it eliminates "pinging" or detonation, and that the driver easily can set the control to suit the grade of gasoline purchased. It is calibrated for the varying grades of fuel.



This Grand Old Car Won the Long Distance Record by Running to the 1899 Show All the Way From Cleveland Under Its Own Power!

Another fuel economizer which aims to be an automatic control of the temperature of air passing to the carbureter will be seen on a popular eight. This economizer is thermostatically operated, and differs from the conventional in that it is controlled by the outside air instead of that under the hood. Air is directed from the radiator through a tunnel attached to the side of the engine and running to a thermostat. This is said to maintain the air at a temperature making for efficient and mechanical performance of the engine under all driving conditions.

Reducing manual effort in operation to the use of the steering-wheel alone, is one important thing that the new show models will disclose. The automatic clutch, which made its début at the last show, is said to have been materially improved and refined. One maker is to present a pendulum control valve which is actuated by the movement of the car. When the motor is suddenly accelerated, the control member interrupts the flow of air and the power cylinder momentarily holds the clutch in partial engagement. This provides a soft, smooth pick-up even from a standing start.

New starting control will be noticed, including the elimination of the separate starter pedal.

With one new type the driver turns the ignition key and presses with his foot upon the accelerator pedal to start the engine. When the engine starts, current to the starter automatically is interrupted. This aims at simpler and better control. Another innovation which eliminates the starter

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pedal uses the light pressure of the finger-tip on a button at the left side of the dash to do the work. The button touches the solonoid, which by electro-magnetic action engages the starting pinion on the fly-wheel and connects the starting motor.

We learn, too, that "improved forms of free-wheeling will make their appearance." Thus, for instance:

While the device functions as heretofore, provision is included in some models for locking it out automatically when the reverse gear is engaged; also for automatic engagement when the gear change is made from reverse to a forward motion.

One type of dash control button affords three positions: namely, solid drive, free-wheeling, and free-wheeling with automatic clutch control.

Ease is assured, it is claimed, by longer and better springs. In one instance the combined length of the springs is 80 per cent. of the wheel-base.

Journaling the front and rear springs in rubber-bushed supports and the rear in silent "U" shackles is said to be growing in favor. These shackles are non-adjustable, non-swaying, and noiseless.

There is an eight making its début with a new model of shock-absorber—an inertia type to replace the manually-operated ride control introduced at last year's show. The inertia principle controls floating valves that automatically adjust the shock-absorbers to any type of road.

Among innovations contributing to stability is the use of an independent mounting of the radiator, lamps, and front fenders. It is a vertical transverse frame located at the center of the forward frame cross-member, and rubber insulated. Frame distortions due to rough roads are not transmitted to the front end of the car.

Many motorists will appreciate a new driving comfort which is in the form of a passing beam control headlight. The lamps are the conventional tilt beam using thirty-two candle-power bulbs, and in addition to the conventional dim and driving beams there is another switch control for passing. It throws a dim light to the left and bright rays to the right of the road.

Such are a few of the high-lights of the show, but this sketch has taken no account of its attraction as an entertainment, a spectacle, and a social magnet. That is another story, which is about to unfold itself during the week to come, and for many succeeding weeks here and there throughout the land.

Please, Professor Einstein.—
Doctor with the
Bushy head,
Tell us that
You're not a Red.

Tell us that you
Do not eat
Capitalists
On the street.

Say, oh please, it
Isn't true
You devour their
Kiddies, too.

Speak, oh speak, and
Say you're notsky
Just a bent space
Type of Trotsky!

—*H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun.*

'Twas a Comedy of Errors—But Babe Didrikson Has Gone Pro

The greatest of girl athletes, the incomparably versatile star of last summer's Olympics at Los Angeles, is no longer an amateur.

After a complicated and shilly-shally imbroglio with the Amateur Athletic Union, which first suspended and then exonerated her, Miss Mildred Babe Didrikson, the 130-pound Texas wonder girl, has cut loose from all amateur trammels and launched into professionalism.

She seems to have discovered one form of athletics in which she hasn't won championships or medals, and she wants to attack it as a pro. But first she must put on many comfortable pounds of flesh and fat, for Channel-swimmers need warmer covering to their bones than the wiry muscles and sinews with which the sun-burnt Texas girl has leapt to the topmost ranks of the world's athletes of both sexes.

To achieve the dogged endurance of a Gertrude Ederle on top of the fiery élan of a Babe Didrikson might seem too miraculous to be true, but such is the Texas girl's resolution and her practical knowledge of athletics that her admirers refuse to see anything out of the way in her ambition to become a great long-distance swimmer.

This is how an Associated Press correspondent at Beaumont, Texas, conveyed to the world Miss Didrikson's decision in a great crisis of her life:

Miss Mildred (Babe) Didrikson, the one-girl track team, announced to-night she was turning professional.

The nineteen-year-old Olympic star, suspended from amateur competition ten days ago by the Amateur Athletic Union because of the appearance of her name and picture in an automobile advertisement, said she would write, "do some film work," and that she wanted to swim the English Channel and the Hellespont after circumnavigating Manhattan Island as a tune-up.

She declared matrimony was not under consideration, "at least for the present."

Miss Didrikson said she hoped to write on sports and "perhaps other subjects," and do some film work.

Speaking of her action in turning pro, Miss Didrikson said:

"The action of the Southern A. A. U. in disqualifying me from further participation in amateur athletics—athletics being the thing I am most interested in—virtually made this decision for me.

"Several leading sports writers, friends made at the Olympic Games, have advised me that the A. A. U. would have to reverse its decision eventually, but I have never played a waiting game. The A. A. U. has simply been too slow."

Miss Didrikson's wire to Mr. Di Benedetto, of the Southern A. A. U., said:

"Have definitely accepted some of many offers recently made me, and therefore herewith formally withdraw from membership in and all further allegiance to Amateur Athletic Union. I cherish no feelings of ill-will toward any one. With kindest regards and all good wishes, sincerely yours, Mildred Babe Didrikson."

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"Tiger! Tiger!"

ALONE, HELPLESS, MAROONED on a bamboo platform in the middle of a field, the native watched the tiger approach.

Swiftly the long low shadow advanced through the moonlight toward his perch where he guarded the crops all night, far from neighbors and all too near the shadows of the jungle.

A Face One Loves to Touch—on a Nice Hearth-rug

"He had no weapon with him," writes A. G. Shuttleworth in *Outdoor Life*, telling of this jungle tragedy that led to the eventual killing of the killer; "in fact, all there was on the platform was a brass vessel containing drinking-water."

A man-eater!

There was no eye-witness, we are told, "to the dreadful scene that must have been enacted out there in that wheat-field in the pale moonlight. The few villagers who were awake at the time said they heard most pitiful yells of 'Tiger—Tiger—' from the direction of poor Gobind's field.

"They gathered their scattered wits together, and about a dozen of them ran in the direction from which the cries proceeded, only to find the platform leveled to the ground, and to see, a short distance off, a tiger disappearing into the jungle, dragging a human body after him. The men made a half-hearted show of following up, but soon gave up the chase and returned to the village." We read on:

Early the next morning, a couple of hours before our arrival, they revisited the scene, and it was apparent to all of them that Gobind had made some sort of fight for his life. The tiger had, quite evidently, been unable to jump right up on the platform, but had got a footing with his forelegs only, and at the same time a rather insecure hold with his jaws of Gobind, and had come to the ground with his struggling victim.

The unfortunate man had got his arm round one of the four posts supporting his platform and had clung convulsively to it till the whole structure gave way, and he was dragged off from the wreck.

THUS did the man-eater take his eighth human victim from the suburbs of the village of Birapur in Central India. This, however, was not the only village that suffered from the marauder. He had a regular schedule, as Mr. Shuttleworth figured out, and, after striking at one place, would not revisit it for a certain number of weeks.

Exactly a month before Gobind's death, a boy had been seized by the tiger while herding his cattle in the evening on the outskirts of the jungle, and Mr. Shuttleworth, eager for a shot at the beast, figured that Birapur "would enjoy immunity from any further attack for exactly another month." Continuing:

In the evening we went to the scene of the tragedy with the local shikari and tracker, and followed the footprints of the marauder along a narrow path over the crest of the hill, leading toward the nearest village, called Paharpur, a distance of twenty miles from my camp.

We stayed on for a few more days at Birapur, hoping to hear of the whereabouts of the tiger somewhere within reach; and within four days we heard that a woodcutter boy had been carried off from Sheopur, a small hamlet of Paharpur. But as there was practically no road to Sheopur, we decided to return to headquarters.

I made preparations to be at Birapur within three weeks after the death of poor Gobind, and two days after my arrival there, news drifted in that the man-eater was at his old games, and had just carried off and devoured an old man from the village of Sikri, six miles to the west of Birapur. This was one of his halting-places in his regular round, and came just before Birapur.

I warned the people of the latter village to be extra careful, as he might be expected any day, and I devoted my spare time at Birapur to finding out all I could of the nightly prowls of this tiger during his periodical visits to this neighborhood.

I elicited the fact that his favorite nightly prowl was along a densely bordered path which ran past a ruined mud and tiled hut, housing one of the carved stone village deities of Birapur, just a quarter of a mile from my camp. I also heard that the Sikri victim had been carried off in the night, while asleep on his roughly fenced-in threshing floor on the edge of the village cultivation. This gave me an idea which I decided to carry into effect.

Next morning, Rama, the village tracker, came with the news that the dreaded slayer of men was in the vicinity, and that he had seen his tracks along the path which passed by the ruined hut mentioned.

I promptly set to work and made a rough mummy of straw, and had it conveyed in the evening to the lonely hut and placed it outside the doorway, covering it over with a sheet to resemble a man asleep.

CLIMBING into a leafy tree, overlooking and within easy shot of the sleeping figure, the tiger-hunter "sat down as comfortably as was possible on a string cot which the local zemindar had got

Illustrations by courtesy of *Outdoor Life*

The Only Good Man-Eater Is One With a Bullet in Him

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tied up for me among the branches." He continues:

I do not usually suffer from nerves, but I must say, when night had fallen and all around was deadly quiet, my hair seemed to stand on end when I heard stealthy footsteps and the rustling of dry leaves just behind my tree, and with my finger on the trigger of my Paradox, my heart thumping through excitement, I awaited the expected rush of the man-eater onto his apparently sleeping victim.

It was with almost a sigh of relief that I put my gun down when I saw a grand old sambar stag emerge from the bushes and cross the road as he went his way to have his drink at the little pool behind the temple. The hours seemed to drag as I sat on, hoping that my patience would be rewarded, and I must have been dozing when I was suddenly startled awake by the loud bell of the old sambar stag, who had been browsing quietly all this time within three hundred yards of the hut.

There was no mistaking the signal of alarm, and almost immediately after I caught sight of a large tiger walking unsuspiciously down the path that ran past the temple.

He came along slowly, and when within twenty yards of the sleeping figure at the doorway and not more than ten from where I was seated, he suddenly crouched down, and I could distinctly see his tail nervously twitching while he gazed, with his head on his paws, at what he thought was a good and easily obtainable feast for himself.

I drew a bead on his shoulder, and as he raised his head to look down the pathway leading toward the village, I pulled both triggers almost simultaneously.

There was a terrible roar and floundering for a moment, and to my sorrow I saw him find his legs and rush off into the forest. I had the consolation, however, of hearing him fall twice, and then all was still.

There was a great commotion and uproar in the village following my shots, and a quarter of an hour later Dost Mahomed, my orderly, and a score of villagers turned up with lanterns and torches. After a brief consultation, it was decided to leave the tiger alone for the night, and track him down in the morning.

EXHAUSTED after his nerve-racking vigil, Mr. Shuttleworth slept late that morning, and, he tells us:

On stepping out of my tent, I almost fell over the body of a huge tiger laid across the doorway. Dost Mahomed and my orderly came to attention at once and asked me to forgive their impatience in having gone at dawn with Rama, the tracker, and some of the bolder spirits among the villagers to look for the tiger, which they felt certain had "swallowed both bullets of the Huzur," and was sure to be lying dead.

They told me how they had found the animal stiff and cold, lying within fifty yards of where he had been hit.

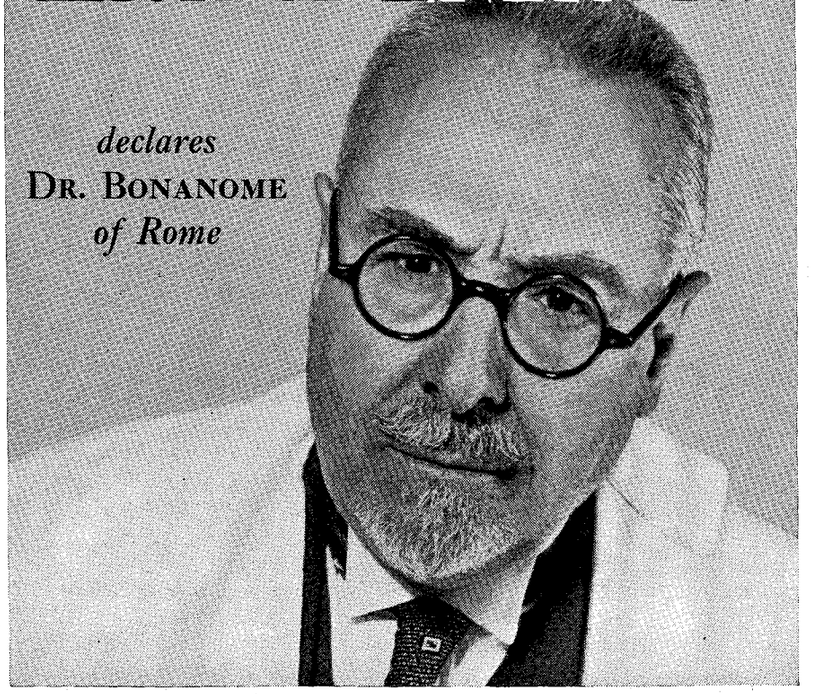
On examining the body, I found it to be that of a heavy, pale-colored old tiger; and when his skin was removed I found two broken porcupine quills, each fully two inches long, embedded in the pad of the paw of his left foreleg; the wounds were full of maggots.

The poor beast must have been greatly incommoded in his attempts to catch game; and probably was forced through hunger, some time or other, to start on his career of man-killing, finding it much easier than killing game or cattle.

Common Symptoms of Constipation are

HEADACHES.. LACK OF ENERGY..

declares
DR. BONANOME
of Rome



Dr. Bonanome is Special Professor of Surgical Pathology in the University of Rome

DID you know that constipation causes many of our commonest ailments . . . *that in most cases it is easily preventable—curable?*

Those are the findings of noted authorities such as Dr. Achille Bonanome, of the Bonanome Clinic in Rome, Italy, who states:—

"Food wastes, when not expelled from the body regularly . . . generate poisons which seep into the blood. Common symptoms . . . are headaches, indigestion, loss of appetite, unwholesome breath, unhealthy skin, lack of energy."

To correct constipation, Dr. Bonanome says, "it is useless to resort to cathartics," as "they make matters worse." And he adds, "My own experience is that the best remedy for constipation is yeast."

A food, Fleischmann's Yeast possesses certain remarkable properties. Chief of these are its power to soften the wastes that accumulate in "tired" intestines and actually to *strengthen* the bowel muscles. Also, it fosters gastric secretions, so what you eat *digests* better.

So, if your health is under par—if you're subject to headaches, bad breath, unnatural tiredness—start now to stimulate and purify your system with 3 cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast!

Just eat a cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glassful of water. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Why put it off?

"I knew that doctors recommended it"

"I suffered a lot with indigestion and headaches," *writes* Alma Lewis *of Philadelphia.* "Fleischmann's Yeast had done wonders for some friends . . . I started eating it and . . . my indigestion and headaches stopped and, best of all, my skin became fresh and clear again."

IMPORTANT: Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors advise.

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Twenty Firemen in Two Shirts

THE Linotype man was drowsy, and the "f" and "r" are next-door neighbors on the keyboard.

Such is the Dallas *Evening News*'s explanation of a slip that passed in the night into its columns, creating so much local amusement that two days later *The News* gave it a generous spread-head on the front page of its second section.

As a rule, such slips are hushed up and never seen again, unless they qualify for THE DIGEST's Spice of Life page. The Dallas example was good enough to qualify, and a number of our Dallas readers sent it in, but *The News* beat us to it and played up its own "boner" for all it was worth. We quote its account of this excursion into the field of unintentional humor:

The twenty firemen who were made to appear as if they were walking the ice-coated streets of Dallas with only two shirts among the entire group have aroused a wave of sympathy among warm-hearted Dallas people who so far have failed to subscribe sufficient funds to enable the Community Chest to continue at top efficiency, or to put the Dallas County chapter of the Red Cross on a going basis.

In *The News* of Tuesday morning there appeared a story headed, "Firemen Walk Icy Streets All Night in Search of Fires." The second sentence read, "Twenty firemen, including two officers, patrolled the city in two shirts . . ."

From Cooper, Texas, the Rev. O. P. Kiker, Methodist minister, formerly of Dallas, writes to Fire Chief Rod Gambrell:

"How do you manage to keep them with you in such meager clothes. How I wish that I might visit 'you all' and see your men at work—twenty men on duty walking the streets with only two shirts.

"To say the least of it, I hope they found a little flame somewhere for their own comfort.

"Yours for more and better men with fewer clothes."

(Signed) "O. P. KIKER, Pastor."

Then comes W. E. Talbot, apostle of the thought: "What Texas Makes Makes Texas." Mr. Talbot, Colonel to his friends, writes on cotton stationery that bears the legend, "Made From Texas Cotton." He says:

"It strikes me that here is a wonderful opportunity to sell some Texas-made shirts, and I wish you would invite the city's attention to the fact that they may be obtained out of Texas cotton.

"We can also outfit them in other mentionables. The writer of this article must have had in mind what happened to Nick Lucats when he lost his pants in the Notre Dame-Southern California game. I have heard of knocking the socks off of fellows, but not the pants, and here you all take off everything.

"Yours for a little joy in life—it's about all we get.

(Signed) "W. E. TALBOT."

Another commentator marked on the page on which the story appeared, after "ringing" the objectionable phrase: "It's cold enough for two, all right."

The operator who set up the story just hit the wrong key, and the story was printed "shirts" instead of "shifts," and Dallas had something else to talk about besides the weather.

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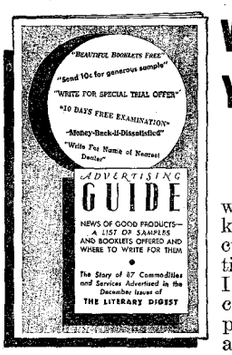
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Rattlers That Bite Before They Buzz

THE big diamond-back coiled and prepared to strike as the man approached.

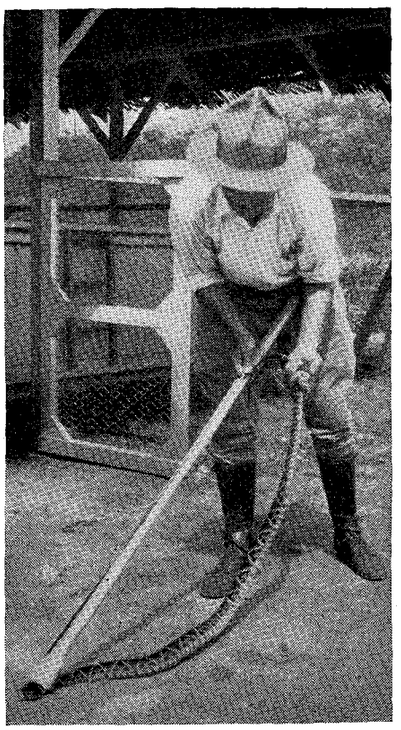
But he did not sound his rattle.

There he lay, sinuous and sinister, poised and ready for a fight. He was hungry, the man had interrupted his hunt for a meal, and this enraged him.

But "he did not rattle until I actually attempted to pin him down," says his captor, Douglas D. H. March, telling this incident to prove his assertion that a rattlesnake, despite popular belief, does not always sound his traditional warning.

Of course, this Florida diamond-back may have refused to rattle out of pure meanness, for we note that "it was one of the meanest-tempered snakes" Mr. March ever had to deal with.

But in another case the writer was bitten on the calf of the leg by a banded rattler that struck first and rattled afterward. This one, apparently, was taken by surprize—"in stepping over a fallen tree I very nearly stept on this snake."



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This Is a Safe and "Pleasant" Way to Catch a Fer-de-Lance

In view of these experiences, and as one who has felt a rattlesnake's fangs, Mr. March bids us:

"Do not depend on a rattler to warn you of its presence. It may rattle, and it may not."

This advice the writer gives in an article for *Field and Stream* in which we find a wealth of interesting material about venomous snakes. Altho disclaiming any attempt to qualify as an authority, Mr. March has had many years' experience as a field collector, and also has been in charge of tropical serpentarium. Furthermore—and this alone would seem to make him an authority of authorities—he has been bitten by poisonous snakes fourteen times. Listen:

It is not necessary for venomous snakes to coil in order to deliver an effective bite, as they can strike from any position that enables them to open the mouth and erect the fangs.

It should always be remembered that the coiled portion of the body plays little part in the striking. It is the portion that is looped above the coil that governs the length of the stroke.

A snake that fights from a compact coil has considerably shorter striking range than the high, loosely looped fighter.

Some of the Texas diamond-backs lift themselves high above the supporting body in a posture that permits an exceptionally far-reaching stroke. On the other hand, a big Florida rattler may disdain to coil at all, and elect to launch its attack from a series of flat loops.

A snake in this position is particularly hard to handle if one is attempting to take it alive. It is almost impossible to gage the length of stroke or the angle from which it will come.

The coiled position, however, seems to be the natural striking posture and is the one in which the snake is usually found when it is encountered along trails or other places where it is doubtless waiting to surprize its prey. And from this stand it usually delivers the most effective bite. There are two circumstances under which it may make actual contact and yet not inject venom into the object of its wrath: when the victim appears so suddenly and at such close range that the snake strikes and contacts before the fangs are fully erect; and when the snake slightly overreaches.

I have received blows of the latter type, and altho my leather leggings showed no fang marks they were liberally spattered with venom. These strokes were received in experiments to determine the height to which the various sizes and species of venomous snakes could strike. The highest strike I have ever known a rattler to make was thirteen inches, but this is decidedly above the average. That was a six-foot Texas diamond-back. An eight-foot fer-de-lance struck eight and one-half inches above the ground. Both these snakes left well-defined fang marks on my leggings.

I believe that a great many people have missed the greatest thrill of their lives in having passed, unknowingly, within striking distance of poisonous snakes. I have repeatedly demonstrated, particularly to visitors to the Tela Serpentarium in Honduras, that it is possible to pass within striking distance of, or step over, poisonous snakes without being bitten.

About the only lesson to be learned from a performance of this sort is that you can get away with almost anything once. The snake is usually prepared for you if you attempt it the second time.

One should always be on the alert in snake-infested country, as it is possible almost to step on a venomous snake and not be bitten, and then be struck a few minutes later in back-tracking. This was well illustrated in Honduras a few years ago.

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a very narrow trail through the jungle, and the men were actually stepping in each other's footprints. They were traveling in single file, and the seventh man was bitten by a large fer-de-lance, and died in twenty minutes.

This snake was coiled beside the trail, and could have bitten any one of the men, but he was not sufficiently roiled until the passing of the seventh man.

He was still coiled beside the trail a half-hour later when the white engineer in charge of the gang returned to the scene of the accident and shot him.

RATTLERS are purely defensive fighters, we are told, and with those of the United States the "tendency is to edge away from a truly formidable foe." But another rattler, in southern Mexico, Central and South America, doesn't hesitate to take the offensive. This fellow has a reputation among the natives for breaking a victim's neck simply by biting him. Mr. March tells about that:

This rattler, known in Spanish-speaking countries as the cascabel, is a courageous, even aggressive brute and is, in my opinion, the most spectacular snake of the new world. He lacks the awe-inspiring bulk of the Southern diamond-back rattler, but he makes up for it in other ways.

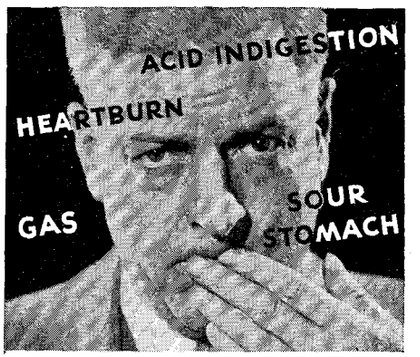
The pattern is of the "diamond" design, except for the neck, where the diamonds are replaced by well-defined stripes. The body is heavy and inclined to ridge at the back, the scales are high and very rough, and the head is curiously small for a rattler. This is a surprizingly strong and muscular snake. It is probably the least excitable of all rattlers, and will, if attacked, deliberately move up on its antagonist. This movement is not in the nature of a rush, but it is nevertheless an advance. It would not surprize me if one could be found that would actually rush you.

The cascabel is not inclined to rattle, and most of the bites I have heard of have been delivered by snakes that did not rattle before striking, and a great many of them did not trouble to rattle afterward.

This serpent is slower in its actions than most rattlers, but this seems to be taken care of by a greater intelligence. It is decidedly insolent in its attitude toward man, and is fearless of him.

The average diamond-back rattler will lie around for several days after being captured and watch every move made by humans who may happen near by, keeping up an almost incessant rattling. The newly captured cascabel may watch you for a half-hour or so, and then crawl away and absolutely ignore you, unless you approach to within a few feet of it. I have had them strike at me several times, moving in after each stroke, and then, apparently tiring of arguing with me, deliberately walk off. There was nothing in the nature of a retreat in this moving off. They were simply going about their business.

They rarely assume a coil when aroused, and some of them raise the forward half of the body clear of the ground. The most spectacular of the lot, however, are those that raise the anterior third of the body in a rigid column, high as a large cobra, with only a small loop in the neck, and subject one to just about as baleful a glare as could be imagined. During this posing the long tongue is extended, curled up over the snout, then brought out almost horizontally; the tip divides and waves, and then the tongue drops and is allowed to



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droop from the lower jaw, where it continues its sinister explorations of the air.

This is not the fighting pose of the cascabel, and it has always appeared to me to be assumed for purposes of intimidation alone. In this position the snake actually has his back toward one, and this, in case of attack, necessitates a quick shift of his position, which, however, he accomplishes in a flash.

Apparently not content with differing from the rest of his clan in appearance, conformation, disposition, and general behavior, the cascabel has a whitish venom which is highly neurotoxic. That is to say, its venom is destructive to nerve tissues and structure.

Natives will tell you that a bite from this snake will break a man's neck, regardless of where he may be bitten. Some action of the venom causes paralysis of the muscles of the neck. This leaves the man's neck in such a limber state that the native can account for the condition in no other way than as a broken neck. There is practically no hemorrhage, but the optic nerve is affected and may be destroyed. There is also considerable difficulty in breathing. Death is usually preceded by blindness, paralysis, and suffocation.

The cascabel is considered the most venomous snake of the new world.

ANOTHER snake which comes in for a good word is the cottonmouthed moccasin—that is, if it is a "good word" to ascribe pep and cocksureness to such an object of terror. Mr. March relates an incident of zoo life which seems to show that snakes from different continents can understand each other at a glance:

I once saw a cottonmouth placed in a cage with a king cobra. The king cobra is a notorious cannibal, and will unhesitatingly attack very large gopher or bull snakes, and quickly subdue them.

This one immediately rose and prepared to seize the moccasin. The moccasin showed no signs of alarm, altho he was in a defensive position, and he had the demeanor of an animal which was confident that he could take care of himself.

The cobra reared and looked the moccasin over, and then retired to the far corner of the cage. To me, the moccasin showed the finer courage of the two. When the moccasin was removed and an indigo snake was placed in the cage, the cobra immediately attacked and killed it.

The moccasin is generally considered a water snake, but he suffers no serious inconvenience by the drying of the swamps. He seems to be just as contented as the rattlers with conditions on the dry hammocks, and probably fares better because of his wider range of diet. The cottonmouth feeds on birds, small mammals, frogs, fish, and snakes.

I believe that I have about as good an idea of the structure of the inside of a moccasin's mouth as any one alive. On one occasion I was "hung up" in some pine roots by my wrist and found myself looking a big cottonmouth right in the eye. He was so close to my face that when he opened his mouth I could have counted his molars, if he had had any.

Something Else Again.—DEFENDANT (in loud voice)—"Justice! Justice! Justice! I demand justice."

JUDGE (rapping for order)—"The defendant will please remember he is in a court of law."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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Hard Times Are Hard on the Mountain-Lion

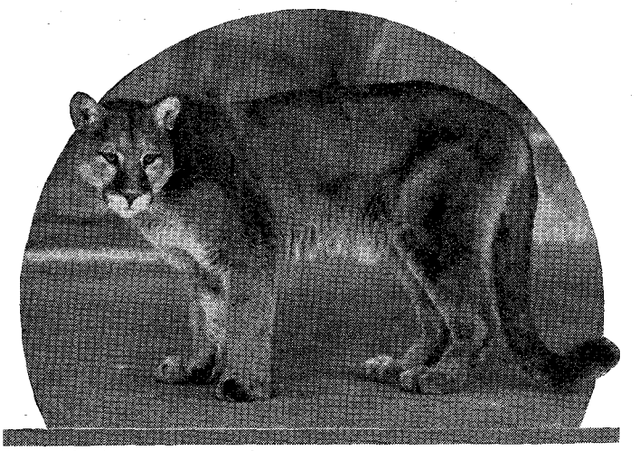
WITH A PRICE ON PUSSY'S HEAD, the depression is driving her to extinction.

One Coloradan, we are told, has collected $900 in bounties for twelve cougars, panthers, painters, lions, or what have you, that he killed in 1932.

Colorado pays a bounty of $50 for every panther skull delivered in Denver, and another $25 is added by a local newspaper.

"Cattle are cheap and gold hard to get," says an Associated Press dispatch from Denver, "so the mountaineers are hunting cougars. The huge, slinking cats have always been prey for the mountaineers, but never before, says R. G. Parvin, State Game Commissioner, have they been hunted with such intensity as now."

All this gives an added interest to another *Outdoor Life* article, which we find in the January number. The author is Charles Askins, who tells some remarkable stories of America's big pussy-cat in frontier days, when it was the familiar "painter" of all the forests—later to be driven into the mountains and dubbed the mountain-lion.



Photograph from the New York Zoological Park

Butter Wouldn't Melt in Her Mouth—Oh, No!

We learn, for instance, of a race with a panther, through woods and across fields. We enter into the fright and horror of an eighteen-year-old boy as he put every ounce of strength into his legs and sped for home, only to see the big cat easily overtake him.

Walking home at night, he had skirted a pond filled by recent rains.

"It struck him," we read, "that the frogs ought to be singing, on this mellow, moon-flooded spring night, and they were strangely silent.

"He glanced about warily, alert, knowing something was wrong. An almost formless shadow crinkled in the water, with a great, bent, distorted arm, poised for a stroke.

"Then he saw the beast plainly, sitting on the farther shore, arm raised to strike the first frog that came within reach. The young man drew and opened his stout-bladed knife, and the beast slowly rose on its haunches and turned its head.

"He stared at the boy and the boy at him, each motionless. The lad knew it was an immense panther, its head four feet high as it sat, fangs coming out long and white in the moonlight."

BUT in a moment "it was gone, no noise, no movement—just gone," writes Mr. Askins, whose early years were enlivened with much panther folklore. Continuing:

Our youngster started for home, much relieved, and then he heard it, just beyond sight in the woods, padding along, heavy of foot. He ran, and of that race all he could afterward remember was that he could step very fast, but it took too long for his feet to reach the ground again. Presently, he was out of the woods, climbing a rail fence, no more than half a mile from home across open fields.

While astride the fence, he saw the silvery flash of a form, yards in length, take the top rider at a bound. Down the farm trail the youth went, running with all his strength, but in the adjoining field the panther kept even pace with him, trotting low and gently. Over the horse-lot fence he went at a bound, barely touching the top rail. The horses snorted and pranced, then, led by an old gray mare, charged in a body. As Tom reached the door, there came a long-drawn scream from back of the house where the sheep were penned.

'There goes that danged painter again," said his uncle, Johnny Bloom, sleepily. "He is gone now or he wouldn't have yelled."

"John, John!" from Aunt Nancy, "is Tom home?"

"Of course! Tom wouldn't be afeered of no ole cat nohow. That cub ain't skeered of nothin'." And Tom slipt off his shoes and went to bed with the utmost quiet.

THIS happened a long time ago, says Mr. Askins, telling us that while a panther seldom attacked human beings, since he was not a wanton killer, yet "he sometimes played with people as a cat would with a mouse."

"The nature of our great cat," we read further, "has changed, with the passing years. He has become a sneak and a coward; he had to be, or not a lion would be left in all the mountains. He knows men and he knows guns, and he knows dogs, and is even afraid of a little dog which he could kill with one blow of his paw." And now, having supplied this information, Mr. Askins is ready to relate another exciting story:

Down on the Nueces River in Texas lived an Indian whom I knew only as Pete. Pete was all Indian, a black-looking little fellow. He lived by hunting, fishing, and trapping, tho he sometimes guided white men in deer and javalina hunting.

Pete lived well, according to Indian standards. His wife raised a truck-patch on the banks of the river, and Pete put out set lines that caught all the fish they could eat, and more. Deer he traded for pork and bacon, and there was never any lack of venison or any lack of bacon. In his trapping he caught wildcats, wolves, coons, and armadillos.

There was something he couldn't catch, tho, and he tried hard—a mountain-lion. Pete had never even seen the beast, tho the tracks along the river were plentiful enough, and his wife had seen it.

The lion did no harm, never killing a pig or a calf or any other domestic stock. However, it did kill Pete's deer when they came to the river for water, and Pete's favorite stalking-ground within a quarter of a mile of the cabin was spoiled. The bucks moved off up and down river to other watering places, and Pete often had to carry his venison a mile, whereas previous to the appearance of the lion, it had been no more than a few hundred yards.

The Indian became very indignant about the depredations of the big cat, but the brute even prowled about his cabin on dark nights, and not a thing could he do about it.

Pete had a peculiar and easy method of drawing deer within reach of his rifle. As is well known, when two strange bucks come together, particularly in the rutting season, there will be a fight. The clash of horns can be heard several hundred yards on a still morning, and, like human beings, other deer gather to see the fight.

Pete got hold of a pair of deer-horns and did the clashing himself, and no deer could tell the difference, neither could anybody else. So our Indian got his deer without much fatigue. Pete played his game and never thought of the lion.

"YOU know now what was going to happen," Mr. Askins interrupts himself to remark, "but you do not know how it was to happen, and hence I am telling the story." And so—

It was early in the morning, well before daylight, for a deer can see in the half-light far better even than an Indian, when Pete reached his blind in some white-thorn brush on the high banks of the Nueces River. No deer had been frightened that he had heard, the wind drove gently from the east, carrying his scent across the river, the moon hadn't been down very long, and the deer were sure to be traveling from the stream back to the great cactus thickets in the vicinity. No wild thing had been disturbed.

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A foraging coon set up a cry, and Pete knew right where the little scamp was, down under the bank on a log jam a hundred yards distant. From the live-oaks half a mile down the river, he heard a flock of wild turkeys fly down from their roost, and vainly wished he had known they were there. A herd of javalinas came by going to a cut in the river bank where they could get down to water. Pete was glad to be rid of them.

Something frightened the wild ducks on the river, the rise of one flock alarming another, until from far up and down the stream the waterfowl were on the wing, streaming by his blind, flock on flock, still too dark to be seen. Pete thought it might have been the little wild hogs swimming the river, there less than a hundred feet wide, that had scared the ducks, but it wasn't.

The jungle world was waking up. A road-runner dashed by, blue quail began to peep, coyotes gave a farewell serenade to the kindly night, now about gone. Pete could see the barrel of his rifle, tho he couldn't the sights, and if a deer came he could shoot it.

Clash, went the horns as he brought the two sections together, clash, clack, clack, clang! Then, after pausing to listen, he began again, clash, clash, clash, wham—with a dull slam as of head meeting head. Pete plainly heard a deer coming, pausing, stepping daintily. Abruptly, it halted, snorting, then bounded away with heavy pounding feet.

"Damn," said Pete.

Again he began calling with the horns, simulating a great fight, with clash and clang and heavy blows. Now he heard three deer coming, coming up briskly, as his keen ears told him. He didn't dare stop the fight, tho, to listen, because that might have been what frightened the first buck. No matter, the three deer halted while still out of sight, one of them whistled and away they went, tearing madly through the brush for a score of yards. "Damn deer!" said Pete, to himself, "all jist crazy in the head. Huh! me make um good fight, no can see um."

Pete started his horn music again, but something caused him to turn his head just in time to see a great dark form dropping from the sky, right on top of him. No less quick than the cat, Pete rolled out of the way, and as his back went down his legs came up and kicked the cat. The beast gave a frightened snarl, gathered and went high in the air above the brush. One hindfoot prest Pete's moccasins, cutting right through to the skin. Pete yelled and accidentally fired his cocked rifle. Now he heard the lion bound from the bank to strike the water thirty feet below. "Damn you," said Pete, "I guess I skeer hell outa you dat time!" Then he limped off for home, the blood coming through his moccasin.

SOMETIMES pussy was apparently in a playful mood. But how long would it last? Here is a singular case:

Lydia Ann Askins, then about eight years old, had been sent to drive up the cows. The pasture was enclosed, fields were small in those days, and it was no great task even for little Lydia Ann. Father Askins happened to glance toward the oncoming cattle and stared, unbelieving. Lydia Ann was accompanied and assisted by a big yellow dog which was strange to him. He grabbed an ax from the woodpile, started for the bars and yelled to the little girl to run. The cattle were not unduly frightened, but they were coming pretty fast, and if a cow loitered, the big dog trotted out toward her and she joined the herd in a hurry. "Panther!" shouted Father Askins, "RUN!" His voice frightened Lydia Ann, and she tried to run, but according to the story she just stept up and down, not making as much progress as she had before.

The panther stopt and sat down on his haunches in the middle of the field, looking at them benevolently. He turned and walked slowly away.

According to Lydia Ann, that wasn't the first time the big dog had assisted in driving up the stock, always stopping before they got to the bars.

THE nerve of boys who grew up on the frontier is shown in strong colors. We learn, for instance, of "young Master Josh Hughes, the son of the blacksmith, later to become the grandfather of Rupert Hughes." Josh had four big hunting dogs which had killed everything except a "painter," and he wanted to prove that they could do that. It's a long story, with plenty of noise and fury, teeth, blood, and flying fur. Acting up to the faith that his dogs could take care of a cat, however big, the young hunter carried no gun.

We break into the story at a point where the badly winded panther climbed a giant white oak to a height of seventy-five feet. Condensing the tale of what followed:

Josh couldn't climb the panther tree, even if he had been fool enough, the tree being too large, but in near proximity grew a tall straight red oak which he could climb. Filling his pockets with rocks, he slowly climbed the red oak. By and by he was well up, no more than twenty feet from the big cat.

The panther turned to face him, ears flattened, fangs showing. Josh knew that the big cat could easily reach him at a bound, and he had a precarious footing.

He hit the panther with the very first stone, bringing forth a snarling spitting growl, but the beast merely pulled away to get protection from the trunk.

Much heartened, the boy turned loose other stones, and the cat began to descend slowly. Josh made his way down after it, and then something happened that he never had expected.

From the south came the music of a pack of deer hounds, and above their baying sounded a loud *Wh-ooo-ie!*

Sam Carlton's hounds running a deer—he knew the voices of that pack.

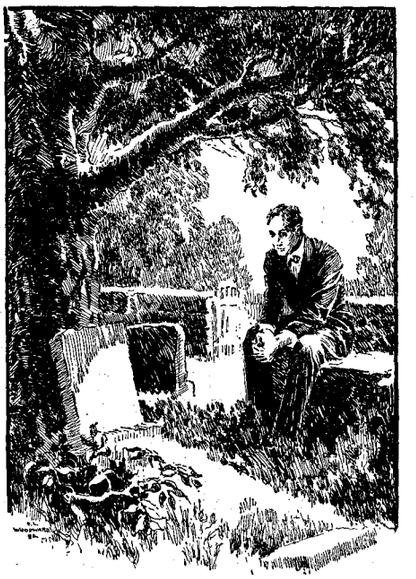
Of a sudden Josh's own dogs broke away with wild yelling. Looking down he saw the deer, which had passed very near, and after it went the mastiffs in a body, with the hound pack coming hard.

After the last hound had passed, the panther sprang out of the tree and took right out after the chase.

Sam Carlton and young Breeze Glass rode up, grinning, having heard the mastiffs barking treed and seen panther tracks. Each carried a long deer rifle across the pommel of his saddle, but it was too late.

"What the devil are you doing up in that tree, Josh?" queried Sam. "Scared of a deer?"

But Josh, red in the face and loquacious with excitement, was obsessed with the regret that he would never know whether or not his dogs "coulda killed that painter."



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Lest we forget"

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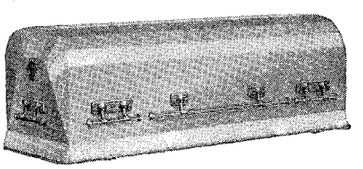

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Savings Deposits Show the Strain

THAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE are beginning to dip into their savings in order to carry on through the depression is now becoming statistically apparent.

It is also obvious that the American people have had the wisdom to save up substantially for this very long-drawn-out rainy day.

Mr. W. E. Albig reports for the Savings Division of the American Bankers Association, that the total savings on deposit in banks in the United States was $24,281,346,000 on June 30, 1932, which is a drop of $3,925,898,000 from the 1931 showing. In the same period the number of savings accounts decreased by 7,047,340, or from 51,399,446 to 44,352,106, altho the estimated increase in population during this year was 752,400. Incidentally, the high point in number of accounts (53,188,348) was reached in 1928, and the total of deposits made its record high in 1930 with a total of about $28,500,000,000.

The explanation offered for the decrease in deposits is, primarily, the exhaustion of savings due to the depression and unemployment, and secondarily, bank failures, increased hoardings, and transfers of money to the postal savings-banks.

There remains the inescapable fact, as Mr. Albig puts it, "that the great shrinkage in savings has been caused by withdrawals for support, including the payment of that burden which has become so grievous—taxation."

Mr. Albig winds up his article in *The American Bankers Association Journal* with a few questions and a word of hope:

> What is the conclusion of the matter? Are savings in banks, which indicate in normal times the degree to which banks' customers are acquiring knowledge of the meaning and use of money and of money management, to be the plaything of economic chance, unrelieved to any considerable degree by action of political government? Are the specters of old age, disease, and dependency, which were being driven farther and farther into the background by accumulated savings, to be allowed easy return? The question is entitled to real consideration.
>
> Drastic as has been the recession in savings and in savings depositors during the past year, following a year in which losses in some sections of the United States escaped attention because they were about overbalanced by gains in others, there is hope that a solution of some of the problems which now vex the world will restore industry, agriculture, trade, and commerce to a more profitable basis.
>
> Savings are yet $33 greater per inhabitant than ten years ago, and $106 greater than in 1912.

THE decline in total savings deposits is disappointing but not surprizing to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which thinks "the wonder is that this did not take place sooner":

> The people who took nearly $4,000,000,000 out of savings accounts in the course of a year must almost certainly, for the most part, have been the smaller depositors, the people who had kept this resource for the "rainy day."
>
> For even after all credible allowance for the action of plural depositors and for new accounts of possibly greater average magnitude, it seems as if the failure of the average deposit to decline materially must point to the sustaining of the average amount of deposit by a sharp sloughing-off of little deposits.
>
> In other words, people of small means, in great numbers, had to play the last little financial card in the course of the year. Millions of them must have drawn all they had and must have nothing to-day. And if we seek to explain the fall in deposits by withdrawals for hoarding, for investment, for putting in the postal savings system, or through closings, we find that all these influences will not account for very much over $500,000,000. Some $3,000,000,000 or more must have been taken out of the savings accounts because its possessors were fast approaching absolute need.

This exhaustion of savings, the New York *Journal of Commerce* reflects, tends to make the unemployment problem more serious:

> The extraordinary period of prosperity which preceded the depression permitted numerous wage- and salary-earners to build up substantial reserves. The deflation in security and realty values has wiped out a large portion of the reserves so invested.
>
> Reserves in the form of bank deposits were reduced or frozen by suspensions in many communities. Taken all in all, however, savings deposits and life-insurance policies have constituted the most effective protection against the unemployment hazard.
>
> As time goes on, however, such reserves tend to dwindle or disappear in many instances. As a result the volume of needed relief increases.

BUT there is another way of looking at it. Let us glance at the ten-year record instead of the one-year record and we have, in the opinion of the Indianapolis *News*, "an interesting exhibit of the native thrift and prudence of a people often condemned for extravagance and lack of foresight." This daily is imprest by the fact that per capita savings to-day are greater than ten years ago. And it is moved to reflect editorially:

> These sums do not represent the entire reserve of the people, but only the savings-bank accounts. The huge amounts of life insurance, securities investments, building and loan association stock, and cash are not considered.
>
> The savings represent the money that the people have put aside for an emergency, money which they expect to draw on quickly in such an event.
>
> In all estimates of the current business situation and the prospect, as the upturn manifests itself, due weight should be given to this savings record. Frugality is a true measure of the character of people in the mass. Americans have met this test with entire credit to themselves.

The High Cost of Paying in Gold

THE COMPLEXITIES of international debt payments are again illustrated by press statements that it cost Great Britain $3,500,000 to make her December 15 debt payment in gold, and that the actual cost of the physical transfer of the metal will have been around $300,000.

It will be remembered that the payment was made through the Federal Reserve Bank of New York on December 15, the bank acquiring on that day $95,550,000 in gold in London from the Bank of England to balance the transfer of the same amount to the United States Government in New York. The gold is ear-marked in the Bank of England for the account of the Reserve Bank, which has begun the shipment of the money to this country. Only eight days after the payment date the first shipment, amounting to $15,095,990, arrived in New York on the *Majestic*, according to a New York *Times* news item.

It is estimated, we read in the New York *Evening Post*, that if the rates for the first shipment hold for later shipments the cost of transporting all the gold will be close to $300,000:

> The freight charges alone on the whole amount to be transferred across the ocean are estimated at $238,875, as the rate recently advanced is $2,500 on each $1,000,000. Insurance charges at the rates applied to the *Majestic* shipment would total about $47,500. Cooperage in London would cost about $2,000, and transportation from the dock to the Federal Reserve Bank in armored cars, at the rate of five cents for each $1,000, would cost $4,750.
>
> As the debt was payable in New York, it is presumed that the cost of transporting the gold from London to this city is borne by the British Treasury.

And even this expensive transportation is only comparatively a small item in the high cost of paying in gold. Great Britain, according to the debt settlement, has the option of making debt payments in United States Government securities, and this has been the usual course. As we read in *The Evening Post*, "had the British Treasury paid the whole of the December instalment by buying United States Treasury 3 per cent. bonds, which were then quoted at a discount of nearly 4 per cent., it might have saved about $3,500,000."

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For an Economic Weather Bureau

PROF. JACOB H. HOLLANDER has a lot of fun ridiculing the "plethora of nostrums" that have been advanced as depression cures.

This "multitude of rainbow-chasing fairy-tales" he considers a natural by-product of the economic slough through which we are crawling.

He can not help noticing how much attention is being given even by hard-headed business men to all these "fallacies," "Utopias," this "armchair theorizing," all the "warm-hearted but soft-headed depression-inspired pseudo-economic writing."

And, then, after getting all this out of his system in an article in the current *American Mercury*, the Johns Hopkins economist comes along with a plan of his own. But, as the New York *Times* notes editorially, this plan "does not set out to be a panacea, and it does not involve immediate abolition of a capitalist system or of democracy, or of some such trifle." Rather, "what the distinguished Baltimore economist has in mind is a national bureau of research, giving that sadly misused word its honest meaning—to watch the economic and social horizon for economic storms, and to hoist a warning." From another angle the plan suggests to the *Times* writer "the Censors of ancient Rome, but without the governmental authority behind that Roman institution."

WE are going along, so Professor Hollander explains, on the generally understood theory that when things go wrong in our capitalist system, if there is no self-correction, "public authority must intervene to suppress, amend, or supervise." "Our economic order rests upon the assumption that functional defects will be promptly brought to light and effectively remedied."

But this necessary kind of intervention has not been taking place. Politics, private interest, and lack of popular information tend to prevent any effective help.

Dr. Hollander concludes that if the competitive system is not to go to smash altogether, "democracy must equip itself with an agency to make real what is now a sham." And so he proposes "a new agency in American affairs":

It should be a body completely dissociated from government and from business, and derive its ample resources from a capital endowment.

Its nucleus should be a cooperative group of, say, five men, of whom three should in the first instance be designated by the ex-President or the ex-Presidents of the United States. The persons selected should not be, of necessity, the professional luminaries of the business world nor the fluent laureates of a social bloc, but men of intelligence, integrity, courage, and equipment, ready to burn all political and financial bridges behind them and to devote their lives to the public welfare.

Its rôle should be an incessant alertness as to social affairs; a prompt inquiry into any creak in the economic mechanism; a fearless exposé of the mischief-making factors; a definite proposal of preventive intervention.

It should utilize existing agencies of law and government, and enlighten public opinion by systematized publicity. It should welcome fact and opinion from any quarter, and its statements should be individual rather than corporate.

LET us suppose the plan in working, continues Professor Hollander:

Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover will have selected three men who will have chosen two more—all to constitute the Institute of Affairs. From one of the existing welfare foundations or from one or more hard-headed multimillionaires will have come an unconditioned endowment fund of $100,000,000. By its own survey or by proposal from without, the institute will have learned that some particular of the economic machine is in presence or in working a social injury; that public opinion is uninformed as to essentials; that administrative initiative is inert; or that legislative repair is delayed or incomplete in consequence of ignorance, timidity, or resistance.

The sore spot may be the misuse of the stock exchange by barefaced strong-arm pool manipulation, with the effect of gulling millions of small investors to pay deliberately inflated prices for their purchases of shares, and of deluding them by deliberately engineered price advances or declines.

It may be the serfdom of West Virginia coal-miners enforced with a feudal savagery to enable an obsolescent industry to sustain itself or to win a competitive advantage, not by sagacity of management nor efficiency of technique, but by the exploitation of a pocket of submerged labor.

In each such case, the institute will make prompt inquiry as to the need and manner of social intervention. The investigation will be less detailed than a scientific study; but it will be swifter. The report will not be a mere fact-finding exhibit, but will terminate in definite proposals in remedy, if the facts warrant; in disavowal, if they do not. Public enlightenment will be the objective—not only as to existing condition and practicable correction but as to administrative halt, legislative inaction, corporate resistance.

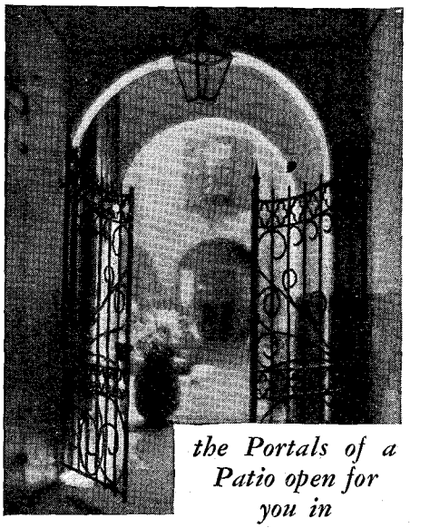
The devil may not have all the good tunes, and the institute will use "public relations counsel" and systematized publicity. The campaign will not be of the front-page order, but continuing and progressive.

Of course there can be no iron-clad guaranty of effectiveness. But Professor Hollander feels that "a very considerable degree of probability attends." He says:

The experience of war-time propaganda has taught us the plasticity of popular opinion. Let that knowledge be used to meet the present need.

At the end the writer protests vigorously against the assumption that he is submitting just another nostrum:

No reconstruction is in mind. The project is designed only to make effective a validating element in the present system, now inoperative.



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Try a Butterfly Pin.—WIFEY—"Do you love me still?"

HUBBY—"I might if you'd stay still long enough."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Suspension or Cantilever?—"Hello! Is this the city bridge department?"

"Yes! What can we do for you?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Sure Hoodoo.—"Animals do not know what it is to be superstitious," declares a clergyman. But we have yet to hear of a mouse that will pass a white cat on the stairs on a Friday.—*Humorist* (*London*).

House-Broken.—"Does your husband expect you to obey him?"

"Oh, dear, no. You see he's been married before."—*Life.*

Look Out for the Big Boss.—MR. BIGMITT—"You're a henpecked little shrimp!"

MR. PEEWEE—"I'll bet you wouldn't dare say that in the presence of my wife."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

All Explained.—JOHNNIE—"Why does the whistle blow for a fire?"

BILLY—"It doesn't blow for the fire, it blows for water. They've got the fire."—*Hudson Star.*

Postpone All Endearments.—MRS. NAGGER—"Darling, I'm sorry I've been so mean to you lately."

MR. NAGGER—"Well, this is a fine time to be sorry. I'm dead broke."—*Pathfinder.*

How to Know Your Soul Mate.—JOE—"How come you go steady with Eloise?"

HAL—"She's different from other girls."

"How is that?"

"She's the only girl who will go with me."—*Border Cities Star.*

Down to Brass Tacks.—SALESMAN—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have here the famous flexible comb that will stand any kind of treatment. You can bend it double—you can hit it with a hammer—you can twist it—you can—"

INTERESTED LISTENER—"Say, mister, can you comb your hair with it?"—*Travelers' Beacon.*

Rubbing It In.—After the fall of the Herriot Government, an American, registered at a de luxe Paris hotel, approached the boniface with his bill in his hand and asked:

"Am I on the American or European plan?"

"On the European plan, of course," the hotel man replied.

The American smiled and commented, "then I don't pay, eh!"—*New York Evening Post.*

How the Press Can Serve.—What this country needs is the sort of resourcefulness shown by the Altoona *Tribune* which offers the news item that bustles are coming back and that "old papers are for sale at this office at 10 cents per bundle."—*St. Paul News.*

Scrambled Alphabet.—EDITOR—"My boy, your punctuation and grammar are something fierce."

LITERARY ASPIRANT—"Then there is no hope for me?"

"Sure there is; try dialect stories."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"He said he can't eat it—it reminds him of his aunt."

—"The New Yorker."

He Knows the Songbirds.—"What are you children playing?" asked mother one day.

"We're playing church," replied Jackie.

"How nice!" said mother; "but worshipers shouldn't whisper in church."

"We know that, Mother," said Jackie, "but we're the choir!"—*Watchman Examiner.*

Bird Has a Job.—During the making of the moving picture, "The Penguin Pool Murder," the director was showing a visitor around. As they gazed at the penguin, the director said:

"The bird is hired, of course, and we pay $150 a week for him."

A little extra standing near by remarked quietly:

"And I had to be born a human!"—*Stray Stories.*

Wasted Racket.—"Pat," said the manager of the factory, "I want you to report to me at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning. Here's an alarm clock."

The next morning arrived. Pat was met by a frowning manager.

"Well, what was the matter? Didn't the alarm clock go off?"

"Oh, yes, sorr, it went off all right, but the trouble was that it went off while I was asleep."—*Answers.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Song of Praise.—Rodney Johnson, tenor, will sing "The Ford Is My Light."—*San Francisco News.*

Going Some.—The 1,200 laborers leave New York by train each morning at 8:30 o'clock and are at work by 8 o'clock.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

When de Moon Shines Bright on San Antone.—$22.50—Lovely lover & upper stucco apt., 3 rms., kitchenette, bath; gas range; close in.—*San Antonio Light.*

Valet on the Job?—
MACKAY'S YACHT
SUIT IS PREST
—*Flushing (N. Y.) North Shore Daily Journal.*

Goldfish Inside?—We are offering a special on goldfish for the holidays. Six goldfish and large owl, $1.00.—*Jasper (Ind.) Herald.*

Proved His Might.—
WINCHESTER BOY WINS PRIZE FOR CANNING OVER 33 FEMALE EXPERTS—IS ALSO ATHLETE
—*Boston Post.*

Wisdom and Beauty in One.—London—Marilyn Miller, sage and screen actres, sailed on the *Europa* from Southampton to-day for New York.—*Washington Star.*

How's Your Arithmetic?—The empire of Japan includes 300 islands. These have an area of 173,786 square miles, and extend for 2,500 miles. Only 600 of these islands are inhabited.—*Charleston Daily Mail.*

Cooperative Job.—Brockton—St. Paul's Episcopal Church was destroyed by fire to-day with help from Bridgewater, West Bridgewater, Stoughton and Rockland.—*Malden (Mass.) paper.*

Yo! ho! ho! and a Box of Cough-Drops.—Youthful James Simpson, Jr., Congressman-elect of the Tenth Illinois district, is diligently studying public speaking and political science under a pirate tutor at Northwestern University.—*Idaho Statesman.*

Sounds Reasonable.—He lost his balance and was thrown to the street. The horse continued its mad dash down Tiogue Street for several hundred years, then stopt of its own accord.—*Providence Journal.*

Wailing All Round.—A new French cabinet which hopes to succeed where its predecessor wailed in the delicate matter of war-debts payments, was formed to-day by Joseph Paul-Boncour.—*Florida Times-Union.*

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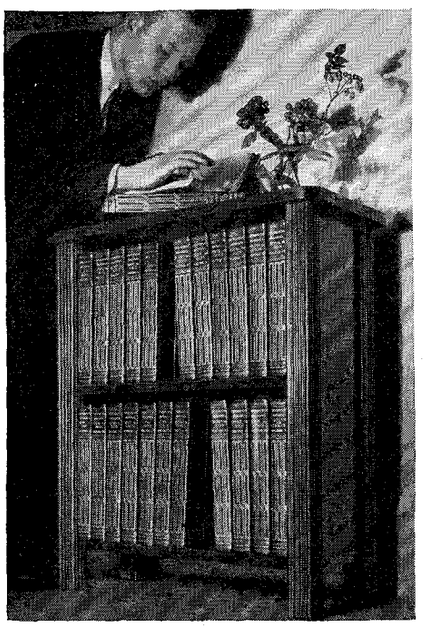

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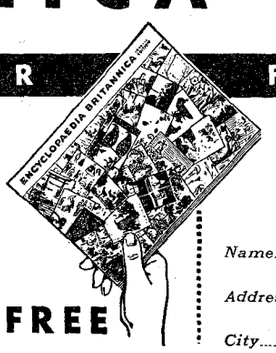

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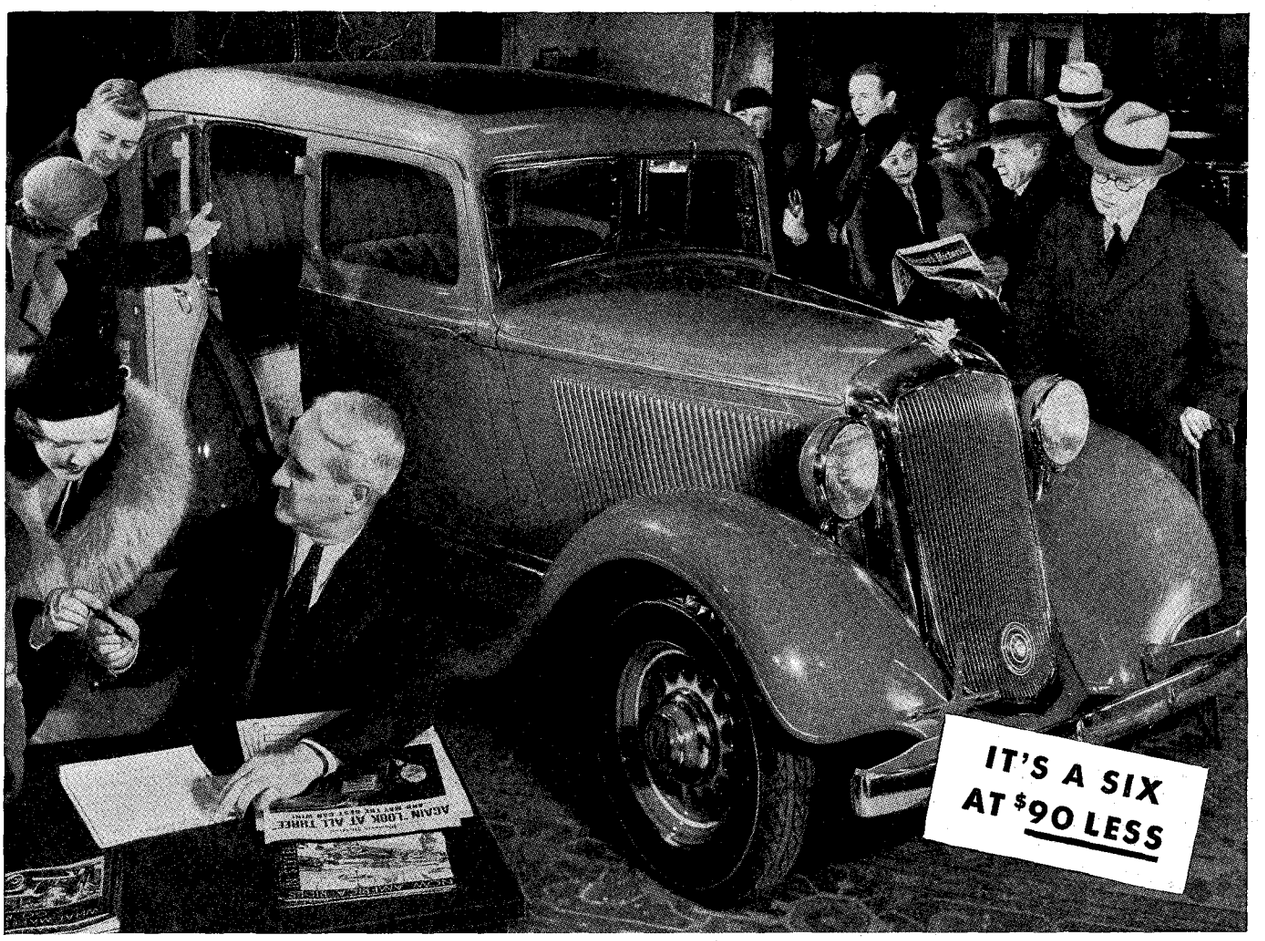

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